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THE STANDARD.

MASSACHUSETTS IN THE SENATE.

Speeches of Messrs. Wilson and Sumner,

UPON THE

Bill to Protect U. S. Officers in Executing the Fugitive Slave Act.

Delivered in the Senate, Feb. 23, 1855.

SPEECH OF MR. WILSON.

Mr. President, I have no desire to mingle in this excited and angry debate, which has so unexpectedly sprung up; but the tone and temper of the remarks which the Senator from Tennessee [Mr. Jones] has seen fit to indulge towards my friend from Connecticut [Mr. Gillette], and the extraordinary language he has applied to Senators from my section of the Union, should not be permitted to pass unnoticed. Sir, the Senator from Tennessee, with bitterness of manner, has denounced the Senator from Connecticut and other Senators who oppose this measure as a "little band of traitors," men who are "treacherous" to their country. This is extraordinary language, Mr. President, to apply to honourable Senators upon this floor for acting in accordance with their convictions of public duty. That Senator may, if he chooses, class me with "the little band of traitors," for I assure him, the Senate and the country, that I shall not shrink, in this hour of their weakness, from standing side by side with men who, amid obloquy, sneers and reproaches, have faithfully and fearlessly vindicated the sentiments of the freemen whose representatives they are. Sir, the honourable Senator from Tennessee would do well to remember that the Senators to whom he has applied such language represent on this floor the opinion of at least one million of the intelligent voters of the Republic, and that they are sustained by the action of fifteen sovereign States. Cheered by the approving voice of the people and by the consciousness of growing power, the Senators he has tauntingly denounced will not be deterred by epithets, no matter how profusely he may apply them, from the vindication of their cherished convictions. I intend to tell you, gentlemen of the South, where we of the North stand upon this exciting and disturbing question of slavery, and what we purpose to do. I intend to deal frankly with you in regard to this question, in which you and your people are so deeply interested.

Sir, I have not an unkind word to utter towards my friends from the South. God knows I have not an unkind feeling in my heart towards them or those whom they represent. I trust that I have a heart large enough to embrace in its affections the whole country, and every man that breathes the air or treads the soil of the Republic, be that man black or white. I have no war to make, and those whom I represent have no war to make, upon the Senators from the South or the people of the South. To me, sir, the proudest master and the lowliest bondman are alike brethren and fellow-countrymen.

Sir, I believe, and the people of Massachusetts believe, that slavery is a violation of the holy commands to love our neighbour, and to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. I tell you, frankly, that we of Massachusetts are unalterably opposed to African slavery in America, and we are in favour of all practicable efforts for its entire abolition. But we do not propose to interfere with slavery in the States. We believe that slavery in the States is a local institution—that we are not responsible for its existence, and that we have no legal authority to interfere with it in any way whatever. I am content to leave slavery to the people of the States where it exists. I recognise the Democratic doctrine of State rights in its application to slavery as well as to other local affairs; and while I have a seat in this Chamber, I shall resist all attempts to encroach upon the reserved rights of the sovereign States of the Union. I will stand side by side with my Democratic friends in vindication of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799, which they endorsed at Baltimore in 1852.

I will tell you, Mr. President, just what our position is in Massachusetts. We stand upon the impregnable basis of the Constitution of the United States. We do not propose to encroach upon the rights of our Southern brethren, but we claim that, under the express authority of the Constitution of the United States, we have ample power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. We of Massachusetts, and of the free States, are responsible for the existence of human slavery here in the national capital. Slavery exists here by the authority, or rather by the permission, of Congress; and the people of New England, of the central States, and of the West, are as responsible for its existence as are the sons of Maryland and Virginia, whose ancestors planted it here.

My friend from Connecticut [Mr. Gillette] referred to the shocking and brutal sight of a woman led by a man on horseback along the streets, near the Capitol, with a rope fastened around her body. The Senator from Tennessee [Mr. Jones] poured out upon the Senator from Connecticut his indignation for calling the attention of the country, and the world, to that degrading spectacle, witnessed by the wife of a New England Senator and several other ladies. Sir, that spectacle was witnessed in North Capitol street, only a few days ago, while the Representatives of the free States, who have majorities in both Houses of Congress, were in session. The laws under which that woman was dragged through the streets of the capital of the Republic may be repealed by Congress. The people of the free States know that they are responsible for the existence of laws under which this degrading act was perpetrated. Sir, do you think the men who read God's holy word will silence the voice of conscience, and the holiest and noblest impulses of their hearts, and tamely permit this national ground to be dishonoured by such scenes? Sir, we of the free States feel that we have a clear, undoubted, constitutional right to abolish slavery here, and we mean to do it. Yes, sir, we intend to do it, by securing a majority in this Senate and in the House of Representatives, and voting you, gentlemen of the South, down. We propose to do it in no spirit of unkindness, and we do not believe that you will dissolve the Union if we repeal the laws under colour of which women may be dragged along the streets of the national capital.

Then, sir, we believe that over the Territories of the United States we have absolute power and jurisdiction. I wish to read to you from a sound Democratic authority on this point, and you know in my State the tendency is towards democracy. I hold in my hand resolutions written by the chairman of the National Democratic Committee of the United States, the Hon. B. F. Hallett, a gentleman of talents and national reputation, or he would not have been placed in a position so high—a gentleman who was appointed District Attorney by the present Administration. And, sir, this Administration leans upon his arm to support it in that section of the country. I will read one or two of these resolutions; and I wish to say that, in regard to them, there is in Massachusetts hardly a dissenting voice. At the time they were written and adopted, Mr. Hallett was Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and Chairman of the State Committee of Massachusetts. They were passed on the 19th of September, 1849.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana. Where?

Mr. Wilson. In the State Democratic Convention at Springfield, on the 19th of September, 1849. They were published in the Boston *Post*, the leading Democratic organ of New England, then, and now, edited by Col. Greene, a gentleman who was appointed Navy Agent by the present Administration.

"Resolved, That we are opposed to slavery in every form and colour, and in favour of freedom and free soil, wherever man lives throughout God's heritage."

Sir, the people of Massachusetts most heartily respond to this resolution, proposed by the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and adopted by six hundred Massachusetts Democrats with shouts of applause:

"Resolved, That by common law and common sense, as well as by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States (in Prigg *vs.* Pennsylvania, 16 Peters), the state of slavery is a mere municipal regulation, founded upon and limited to the verge of the territorial law—that is, the limits of the State creating it.

"Resolved, therefore, That, as slavery does not exist by any municipal law in the new Territories, and Congress has no power to institute it, the local laws of any State authorizing slavery can never be transported there, nor can slavery exist there but by a local law of the Territories, sanctioned by Congress, or the legislative act of a State in its sovereign capacity."

Now, sir, we, in Massachusetts, agree with these resolutions. We believe we have the power to abolish slavery in all the Territories of the Union; that, if slavery exists there, it exists by the permission and sanction of the Federal Government, and we are responsible for it. We are in favour of its abolition wherever we are morally or legally responsible for its existence.

We of Massachusetts believe the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 an inhuman and unconstitutional enactment, and we are in favour of its immediate and unconditional repeal. The extradition of fugitives from labour should be left to the States, where, we believe, the Constitution leaves it. I assure Senators from the South that we do not propose to interfere in any way whatever with slavery in the States; but we are in favour of abolishing it wherever it exists under the jurisdiction of Congress—to banish the question from the Halls of national legislation.

I believe, conscientiously, that if slavery should be abolished by the National Government in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, the Fugitive Slave Act repealed, the Federal Government relieved from all connection with, or responsibility for the existence of, slavery, these angry debates banished from the Halls of Congress, and slavery left to the people of the States, that the men of the South who are opposed to the existence of that institution would get rid of it in their own States at no distant day. I believe that if slavery is ever peacefully abolished in this country—and I certainly believe it will be—it must be abolished in this way.

The Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] pronounces all the Abolitionists disunionists. If he means to include men who think as I think, and act as I act, I beg leave to say to that Senator that he mistakes us altogether.

Mr. Douglas. I have a letter in my possession, written from Boston, indulging in the most—I will not say fulsome terms of the Senator from Massachusetts, just elected, in which the chief merit urged is that upon the question of the dissolution of the Union that Senator would prove himself a man.

Mr. Wilson. All I have to say is, that I never uttered a word in my life to warrant such an assertion. Sir, I make no pretensions to any peculiar devotion to the Union over other men; but if I know myself, I would sacrifice all of life and of hope to maintain and perpetuate the Union of these States. From boyhood I have dreamed of a glorious destiny for my country. I have wished to see the flag of the Union wave in peaceful triumph over the North American continent, over a Confederacy of free Commonwealths. I have so much faith in Democratic ideas, so much confidence in the people, that I have no fears from the annexation of territory and the extension of the boundaries of the Republic.

The Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] has undertaken here to-night to denounce all of us of the North, whom he is pleased to call Abolitionists, as disunionists. Now, sir, in my judgment, no part of the Confederacy is more devoted to the Union than the State I have the honour in part to represent. I believe that in my State the opinion in favour of the Union approaches unanimity. We respond, with all our hearts, to the words of Daniel Webster, uttered on this floor, more than twenty years ago: "*Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*" But we mean *liberty* and Union. The voting anti-slavery men of Massachusetts will not be frightened from their advocacy of impartial liberty by threats, made here or elsewhere, to dissolve the Union. These menaces have no terrors for us. We know that the people will stand by the Union even if slavery should be abolished.

But the Senator from Illinois tortures our expressions of confidence in the stability of the Union into designs on our part to plot for its dissolution. Sir, the Senator has asserted what he cannot believe. That Senator understands the sentiments of the people of the Northern States quite too well to mean anything like that. The State of Ohio gave seventy thousand majority, at the last election, against his Nebraska bill. Does the Senator believe the intelligent people of Ohio, who gave that majority of seventy thousand—or eighty-four thousand, as the Senator at my side [Mr. Chase] reminds me—are enemies of this Union? He knows they would shed their blood this day quite as freely as he himself, or any other Senator, to perpetuate the Union. The great State of New York gave an almost uncounted majority in opposition to the Nebraska bill. Does the Senator believe that the intelligent freemen of New York are opposed to this Union? The State I represent on the floor of the Senate gave more than one hundred thousand majority against the Nebraska bill, at the last election. I do not know one disunionist among them all. Hundreds of the men the Senator pronounces hostile to the Union have perilled their lives and shed their blood in defence of the country.

Allusions have been made to the recent elections. The Senator from Illinois has been pleased to say here that, in his opinion, Know-Nothingism has swept the Northern States, and not opposition to the Nebraska bill. It is not my purpose to underrate the power and influence of the organization to which he refers. I will say to that Senator, however, that the first State to vote after the introduction of the Nebraska bill was the President's own State. It was my fortune to travel more than one thousand miles in that my native State, a few days preceding the election. I know something of the sentiments and wishes of the people, and I say that the supporters of the Administration did not dare in New Hampshire to defend the Nebraska bill. They denied it to be an issue in the canvass, and by so doing they saved themselves from utter defeat, but they were not able to secure the Legislature of the State, so as to elect their Senators. The State of Connecticut voted early in April. I do not believe there was then a single man, in either of these States, whom you might designate as a Know-Nothing. So far as my own State is concerned, although the Know-Nothing party, as he calls it—the American party—have taken no position on the subject of slavery at all, yet the sentiment of that State approaches unanimity, and I do not know a Nebraska man in the Legislature, and I am sure there is not a Nebraska man in the delegation of the House, and on the floor of the Senate we are a unit upon that measure. [A voice. "No doubt about that."] As to the organization of the American party, in some sections it has had influence in favour of freedom, in other sections it has been hostile to freedom.

Mr. Douglas. The Senator says that in some sections they have been in favour of freedom, and in other sections hostile. Will he show me where they have supported a Nebraska man in any one district of America?

Mr. Wilson. I understand they elected a Nebraska man in your district, sir (Mr. Geyer, in the chair), and defeated Col. Benton, who was opposed to the Nebraska bill.

Mr. Douglas. I am speaking of the Free States. Have they been for Nebraska men for the Legislature, or for Congress, in any district in the Free States?

Mr. Wilson. I cannot speak for districts out of my own State. I should regret to hear that any adherent of the American party supported the Nebraska bill.

Mr. Douglas. Did they in your own State?

Mr. Wilson. No, sir. I beg leave to tell the Senator from Illinois we cannot run any other than an anti-Nebraska man and get any votes [Laughter].

The Senator from Indiana [Mr Pettit] has made a long argument to-night to prove the inferiority of the African race. Well, sir, I have no contest with the Senator upon that question. I do not claim for that race intellectual equality; but I say to the Senator from Indiana that I know men of that race who are quite equal in mental power to either the Senator from Indiana or myself—men who are scarcely inferior, in that respect, to any Senators upon this floor. But, sir, suppose the Senator from Indiana succeeds in establishing the inferiority of that despised race, is mental inferiority a valid reason for the perpetual oppression of a race? Is the mental, moral or physical inferiority of man a just cause of oppression in republican and Christian America? Sir, is this Democracy? Is it Christianity? Democracy cares for the poor, the lowly, the humble. Democracy demands that the panoply of just and equal laws shall shield and protect the weakest of the sons of men. Sir, these are strange doctrines to hear uttered in the Senate of republican America, whose political institutions are based upon the fundamental idea that "all men are created equal." If the African race is inferior, this proud race of ours should educate and elevate it, and not deny to those who belong to it the rights of our common humanity.

The Senator from Indiana boasts that his State imposes a fine upon the white man that gives employment to the free black man. I am not surprised at the degradation of the coloured people of Indiana, who are compelled to live under such inhuman laws, and oppressed by the public sentiment that enacts and sustains them. I thank God, sir, Massachusetts is not dishonoured by such laws! In Massachusetts we have about seven thousand coloured people. They have the same rights that we have; they go to our free schools, they enter all the business and professional relations of life, they vote in our elections, and in intelligence and character are scarcely inferior to the citizens of this proud and peerless race whose superiority we have heard so vauntingly proclaimed to-night by the Senators from Tennessee [Mr. Jones] and Indiana [Mr. Pettit.]

Now, sir, I assure Senators from the South, that we of the free States mean to change our policy. I tell you, frankly, just how we feel and just what we propose to do. We mean to withdraw from these Halls that class of public men who have betrayed us and deceived you; men who have misrepresented us, and not dealt frankly with you. And we intend to send men into these Halls who will truly represent us and deal justly with you. We mean, sir, to place in the councils of the nation men who, in the words of Jefferson, "have sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility to every kind of oppression of the mind and body of man." Yes, sir, we mean to place in the national councils men who cannot be seduced by the blandishments, or deterred by the threats of power; men who will fearlessly maintain our principles. I assure Senators from the South that the people of the North entertain for them and their people no feelings of hostility; but they will no longer consent to be misrepresented by their own representatives, nor proscribed for their fidelity to freedom. This determination of the people of the North has manifested itself during the past few months in acts not to be misread by the country. The stern rebuke administered to faithless Northern representatives, and the annihilation of old and powerful political organizations, should teach Senators that the days of waning power are upon them. This action of the people teaches the lesson, which I hope will be heeded, that political combinations can no longer be successfully made to suppress the sentiments of the people.

Mr. Benjamin. I should be exceedingly unwilling to disturb the course of the Senator's argument, or interrupt his speech; but, as he is giving us what certainly is very interesting to the country, an exposition of those views which he entertains, and of which he is the exponent on this floor, would the honourable Senator be kind enough to state—that we may understand fully his views and those of his party—whether, in conformity with the principles of that party, if a Territorial organization were now superseded by a State constitution in any of the Territories of this Union, and, by that constitution, the people of the State should adopt slavery as one of their domestic institutions, it would be consistent with his principles to admit that State into the Union with that constitution?

Mr. Wilson. I will answer the Senator frankly. I stand here ready to answer any questions put by the Senator from Louisiana, or any other Senator. The party with which I act is a new organization. It has, so far as I know, in Massachusetts, and in all the other States, never expressed any opinions or assumed any position on the question of slavery. I cannot, therefore, speak for it. The members of that party in my own State, in their individual capacity, would be decidedly opposed to the admission of slave States into the Union.

Mr. Benjamin. I shall trouble the gentleman with one more question, if he will permit me. I will ask that Senator if, frankly and conscientiously, he believes that, in the event of the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, the State and people of Massachusetts would adopt effective measures by which fugitive slaves from the South would be captured and returned to their owners?

Mr. Wilson. I believe that if the Fugitive Slave Act should be repealed, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will fulfil her constitutional obligations, but she will do it in her own way, so as to protect fully the rights of every man within her jurisdiction.

Mr. Benjamin. I fear the Senator may think that these interrogatories are unfair encroachments upon his time, and I shall not push them, if they are unpleasant to him.

Mr. Wilson. Not at all, sir; I am ready to answer.

Mr. Benjamin. I should like to understand if, under his own convictions, under the principles entertained by those whom he represents, or by the population of the State of Massachusetts, he really believes that, in the event of the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, a fugitive slave would be captured and restored to his southern owner, under any circumstances?

Mr. Wilson. I certainly cannot say what Massachusetts would do, under any circumstances that may happen. But I will say that, in my judgment, she would fulfil the obligations which the Constitution imposes upon her.

Mr. Benjamin. That is a satisfactory answer.

Mr. Weller, of California. Yes, if they would only do it; I do not believe they would [laughter].

Mr. Wilson. I have confidence in the fidelity of the people of Massachusetts to the obligations imposed upon them by the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Rusk, of Texas. Will the honourable Senator allow me to interrupt him a moment? As he is explaining the opinions of a new party, which will be important for good or evil, I desire to ask him a few questions. First, does that party regard the States and their citizens as equal in rights under the Constitution?

Mr. Wilson. So far as I know the sentiments of the members of that party, they regard the sovereign States of this Union as equals under the Constitution. This is the true American doctrine; and I certainly think they will go for the equality of the citizens of all the States.

Mr. Rusk. I desire to ask him another question, although I assure him I am reluctant to interrupt him. Does that party recognise the right in Congress to exclude, either directly or indirectly, the citizens of any State from equal rights of person and property in any of the Territories of the United States?

Mr. Wilson. So far as the party with which I act in Massachusetts is concerned, it has never taken any position upon this subject; but I will say that I do not know a man in the ranks of that party who does not believe that the Congress of the United States alone has the power to legislate for those Territories, and that nobody has a right to carry a slave there and keep him in bondage without the permission of Congress. In my opinion, Congress has no right to establish slavery in the Territories, or to allow the people to establish it.

Mr. Rusk. My question is answered.

Mr. Wilson. I have spoken, Mr. President, in no spirit of unkindness towards our fellow-citizens of the South, of the sentiments, feelings and purposes of the people of the North. I do not refer to the action of political parties. I refer to the people without distinction of party. Party combinations are not strong enough to repress the utterance, or to control the action, of the people aroused at last to the vindication of their rights. If politicians here, or elsewhere, believe they can make any political combinations that shall ignore the issues forced upon the people of the free States, I tell them frankly that they will ignominiously fail. The people of the North are beginning to realize the responsibilities and duties imposed upon them by the condition of the country. They feel that the hand of proscription has been laid upon them, and they will no longer consent to be proscribed for holding opinions sanctioned by patriotism, humanity and religion.

These sentiments and opinions are the matured convictions of my judgment; and while I have a seat in this Chamber I, shall adhere to them with fidelity, and support them with firmness. I hope at all times to meet honourable Senators from the South in a spirit of kindness and conciliation; but no fear of denunciation, reproach or ridicule, here or elsewhere, no hope of personal influence or political power, will ever deter me from the vindication of opinions which my heart and conscience approve.

SPEECH OF MR. SUMNER.

Mr. President: On a former occasion, as slavery was about to clutch one of its triumphs, I rose to make my final opposition to it at midnight. It is now the same hour. Slavery is again pressing for its accustomed victory, which I again undertake for the moment to arrest. It is hardly an accidental conjunction which thus constantly brings slavery and midnight together.

Since eleven o'clock this forenoon, we have been in our seats, detained by the dominant majority, which, in subservience to slavery, has refused to postpone this question or to adjourn. All other things are neglected. The various public interests, which, at this late stage of the session, all press for attention, are put aside. According to the usages of the Senate, Friday is dedicated to the consideration of private claims. I have been accustomed to call it our day of justice, and I have been glad that, since these matters are referred to us, at least one day in the week has been thus set apart. But slavery grasps this whole day, and changes it to a day of *injustice*. By the Calendar, which I now hold in my hand, it appears that, at this moment, upwards of seventy-five private bills, with which are associated the hopes and fears of widows and orphans, and of all who come to Congress for relief, are on your table neglected, aye, sir, sacrificed to the bill which is now urged with so much pertinacity. Like Juggernaut, the bill is driven over prostrate victims. And here is another sacrifice to slavery.

But I do not adequately expose the character of this bill when I say it is a sacrifice to slavery. It is a sacrifice to slavery in its most odious form. Bad as slavery may be, it is not so bad as hunting slaves. There is a seeming apology for slavery at home, in the States where it prevails, founded on the difficulties in the position of the master and the relations of personal attachment which it sometimes excites; but every apology fails when you seek again to enslave the fugitive whom the master could not detain by duress or by kindness; and who, by courage and intelligence, under the guidance of the North star, has achieved a happy freedom. Sir, there is a wide difference between a slaveholder and a slave-hunter.

But the bill before you is to aid in the chase of slaves. This is its object. This is its "being's end and aim." And this bill, with this object, is pressed upon the Senate by the honourable Senator from Connecticut [Mr. Toucey]. Not from slave soil, but from free soil, comes this effort. A Senator from the North—a Senator from New England—lends himself to the work, and, with unnatural zeal, helps to bind still stronger the fetters of the slave.

Mr. Rusk, of Texas. Will the honourable Senator allow me to interrupt him?

Mr. Sumner. Certainly.

Mr. Rusk. I ask him to point out the words in this bill where slavery is mentioned.

Mr. Sumner. I am glad the Senator from Texas has asked the question, for it brings attention at once to the true character of this bill. I know its language well, and also its plausible title. On its face it purports to be "a bill to protect officers and other persons acting under the authority of the United States"; and it proceeds to provide for the transfer of certain proceedings from the State Courts to the Circuit Courts of the United States. And yet, sir, by the admission of this whole debate, stretching from noon to midnight, it is a bill to bolster up the Fugitive Slave Act.

Mr. Rusk. I have not listened to the debate, but I ask the Senator to point out in the bill the place where slavery is mentioned. If the Constitution and laws appoint officers and require them to discharge duties, will he abandon them to the mob?

Mr. Sumner. The Senator asks me to point out any place in this bill where "slavery" is mentioned. Why, sir, this is quite unnecessary. I might ask the Senator to point out any place in the Constitution of the United States where "slavery" is mentioned, or where the word "slave" can be found, and he could not do it.

Mr. Rusk. That is evading the question. I asked the Senator to point out in the bill the clause where slavery is mentioned. The bill proposes to protect officers of the United States, whom you appoint, in discharging their duties. If they are to be left unprotected, repeal your law.

Mr. Sumner. I respond to the Senator, with all my heart, "repeal your law." Yes, sir, repeal the Fugitive Act which now requires the support of supplementary legislation. Remove this ground of offence. And before I sit down, I hope to make that very motion. Meanwhile, I evade no question propounded by the honourable Senator; but I do not consider it necessary to show that "slavery" is mentioned in the bill. It may not be found there in name; but slavery is the very soul of the bill.

Mr. Rusk rose.

Mr. Sumner. The Senator has interrupted me several times; he may do it more; but, perhaps, he had better let me go on.

Mr. Rusk. I understand the Senator; but I make no boast of that sort.

Mr. Sumner. Very well. At last I may be allowed to proceed. Of the bill in question, I have little to say. Its technical character has been exposed by various Senators, and especially by my valued friend, the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Chase], who opened this debate. Suffice it to say, that it is an intrusive and offensive encroachment on State Rights, calculated to subvert the power of the States in the protection of the liberties of their citizens. This consideration alone would be ample to secure its rejection, if the attachment to State rights, so often avowed by Senators, were not utterly lost in a stronger attachment to slavery. But on these things, although well worthy of attention, I do not dwell. Objectionable as the bill may be on this ground, it becomes much more so when I regard it as an effort to bolster up the Fugitive Slave Act.

Of this act it is difficult to speak with moderation. Conceived in defiance of the Constitution, and in utter disregard of every sentiment of justice and humanity, it should be regarded as an outlaw. It may have the form of legislation, but it lacks every essential element of law. I have so often exposed its character on this floor, that I shall be brief now.

There is an argument against it which has especial importance at this moment, when the Fugitive Act is made the occasion of a new assault on State rights. *This very act is an assumption by Congress of power not delegated to it under the Constitution, and an infraction of rights secured to the States.* You will mark, if you please, the double aspect of this proposition, in asserting not only an assumption of power by Congress, but an infraction of State Rights. And this proposition, I venture to say, defies answer or cavil. Show me, sir, if you can, the clause, sentence or word in the Constitution which gives to Congress any power to legislate on this subject. I challenge honourable Senators to produce it. I fearlessly assert that it cannot be done. The obligations imposed by the "fugitive" clause, *whatever they may be*, rest upon the States, and not upon Congress. I do not now undertake to say what these obligations are; but simply that, whether much or little, they rest upon the States. And this interpretation is sustained by the practice of Congress on another kindred question. The associate clause touching the "privileges of citizens" has never been made a source of power. It will be in the recollection of the Senate that, during the last session, the Senator from Louisiana [Mr. Benjamin], in answer to a question from me, openly admitted that there were laws of the Southern States, bearing hard upon coloured citizens of the North, which were unconstitutional; but when I pressed the honourable Senator with the question whether he would introduce or sustain a bill to carry out the clause of the Constitution securing to these citizens their rights, he declined to answer.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana. I think, Mr. President, I have a right to set the record straight upon that point. I rose in the Senate on the occasion referred to, as will be perfectly well recollected by every Senator present, and put a respectful question to the Senator from Massachusetts. Instead of a reply to my question, he put a question to me, which I answered, and then I put my question. Instead of replying to that, he again put a question to me. Considering that as an absolute evasion of the question which I put to him, I declined having anything further to say in the discussion. I was not here submitting to an interrogatory from the gentleman. I put to him a respectful question. He preferred to put one to me instead of answering mine. I yielded and answered; and when I again repeated mine, he continued interrogating me. It was obvious to every Senator present that he evaded an answer to my question, and I therefore let the matter drop.

Mr. Sumner. The Senator from Louisiana will pardon me if I suggest that there is an incontrovertible fact which shows that the evasion was on his part. The record testifies not only that he did not reply, but that I was cut off from replying by the efforts and votes of himself and friends. Let him consult the *Congressional Globe* and he will find it all there. I can conceive that it might have been embarrassing to him to reply, for, had he declined to sustain a bill to carry out the clause in question, it would have been awkward, at least, to vindicate the Fugitive Slave Act, which is derived from an identical source in the Constitution. And yet there are Senators on this floor who, careless of the flagrant inconsistency, vindicate the exercise of power by Congress under the "fugitive" clause, while their own States at home deny to Congress any power under the associate clause, on the "privileges of citizens," assume to themselves a complete right to determine the extent of its obligations, and ruthlessly sell into slavery coloured citizens of the North.

Mr. Butler, of South Carolina. Does the Senator allude to my State?

Mr. Rusk. No; to mine.

Mr. Butler. If he means South Carolina, I will reply to him. This is about the fourth time, I think, that the Senator, and his predecessor [Mr. Winthrop] before him, have alluded to the laws of South Carolina. If that be his allusion, I intend to give some facts in relation to the subject, of which I have put myself in possession since Mr. Winthrop formerly brought it here for discussion. If the Senator intends to allude to South Carolina, let him say so.

Mr. Sumner. I do allude to South Carolina, and also to other Southern States; but especially to South Carolina.

Mr. Rusk. Does the Senator allude to Texas?

Mr. Sumner. The Senator had better allow me to go on. When I have finished, he can make any explanation he thinks necessary.

Mr. Rusk. I will not take the trouble; I do not think the game is worth the candle.

Mr. Sumner. Very well. The Senator can do as he pleases. But let me say, that if I allude to these States, it is not to bring up and array the hardships of individual instances, but simply to show the position occupied by them on a constitutional question identical with that involved in the Fugitive Act. And now, at the risk of repetition, if I can have your attention for a brief moment, without interruption, I will endeavour to state anew this argument.

The rules of interpretation, applicable to the clause of the Constitution, securing to "the citizens of each State all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," are equally applicable to its associate clause, forming a part of the same section, in the same article, and providing that "persons held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." Of this there can be no doubt.

If one of these clauses is regarded as a compact between the States, to be carried out by them respectively, according to their interpretation of its obligations, without any intervention of Congress, then the other must be so regarded; nor can any legislative power be asserted by Congress under one clause which is denied under the other. This proposition cannot be questioned. Now mark the consequences.

Congress, in abstaining from all exercise of power under the first clause, when required thereto in order to protect the liberty of coloured citizens, while it has assumed power under the second clause, in order to obtain the surrender of fugitive slaves, has shown an inconsistency, which becomes more monstrous when it is considered that, in the one case, the general and commanding interests of liberty have been neglected, while in the other the peculiar and subordinate interests of slavery have been carefully secured; and such an exercise of power is an alarming evidence of that influence of slavery in the national Government which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be overthrown.

Looking more precisely at these two clauses, we shall arrive at the true conclusion. According to the express words of the Constitution, in the tenth amendment, "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people"; and since no powers are delegated to the United States in the clause relating to "the privileges and immunities of citizens," or in the associate clause of the same section, relating to the surrender of "persons held to service or labour," therefore all legislation by Congress under either clause must be an assumption of undelegated powers, and an infraction of rights secured to the States respectively, or to the people; and such, I have already said, is the Fugitive Slave Act.

I might go further, and, by the example of South Carolina, vindicate to Massachusetts, and every other State, the right to put such interpretation upon the "fugitive" clause as it shall think proper. The Legislature of South Carolina, in a series of resolutions, adopted in 1844, asserts the following proposition:

"Resolved, That free negroes and persons of colour are not citizens of the United States *within the meaning of the Constitution*, which confers upon the citizens of one State the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States."

Here is a distinct assumption of a right to determine the *persons* to whom certain words of the Constitution are applicable. Now, nothing can be clearer than this: If South Carolina may determine for itself whether the clause relating to "the privileges and immunities of citizens" be applicable to the *coloured citizens* of the several States, and may solemnly deny its applicability, then may Massachusetts, and every other State, determine for itself whether the other clause relating to the surrender of "persons held to service or labour," be really applicable to *fugitive slaves*, and may solemnly deny its applicability.

Mr. President, I have said enough to show the usurpation by Congress under the "fugitive" clause of the Constitution, and to warn you against renewing this usurpation. But I have left untouched those other outrages, plentiful as words, which enter into the existing Fugitive Slave Act, among which are the denial of trial by jury; the denial of the writ of *habeas corpus*; the authorization of judgment on *ex parte* evidence, without the sanction of cross-examination; and the surrender of the great question of human freedom to be determined by a mere commissioner, who, according to the requirements of the Constitution, is grossly incompetent to any such service. I have also left untouched the hateful character of this enactment as a bare-faced subversion of every principle of humanity and justice. And now, sir, we are asked to lend ourselves anew to this enormity, worthy only of indignant condemnation; we are asked to impart new life to this pretended law, this false act of Congress, this counterfeit enactment, this monstrosity of legislation, which draws no life from the Constitution, as it clearly draws no life from that Supreme Law which is the essential fountain of life to every human law.

Sir, the bill before you may have the sanction of Congress; and in yet other ways you may seek to sustain the Fugitive Slave Act. But it will be in vain. You undertake what no legislation can accomplish. Courts, too, may come forward and lend it their sanction. All this, too, will be in vain. I respect the learning of judges; I reverence the virtue, more than learning, by which their lives are often adorned. But nor learning nor virtue, when, with mistaken force, bent to this purpose, can avail. I assert confidently, sir, and ask the Senate to note my assertion, that there is no court, howsoever endowed with judicial qualities, or surrounded by public confidence, which is strong enough to lift this act into any permanent consideration or respect. It may seem, for a moment, to accomplish the feat. Its decision may be enforced amidst tears and agonies. A fellow-man may be reduced anew to slavery. But all will be in vain. The act cannot be upheld. Anything so entirely vile, so absolutely atrocious, would drag an angel down. Sir, it must drag down every court which, in an evil hour, ventures to sustain it.

And yet, sir, in zeal to support this enormity, Senators have not hesitated to avow a purpose to break down the recent legislation of States calculated to shield the liberty of their citizens. "It is difficult," says Burke, "to frame an indictment against a whole people." But here in the Senate, where are convened the jealous representatives of the States, we have heard whole States arraigned, as if already guilty of crime. The Senator from Louisiana [Mr. Benjamin], in plaintive tones, has set forth the ground of proceeding, and more than one sovereign State has been summoned to judgment. It would be easy to show, by a critical inquiry, that this whole charge is without foundation, and that all the legislation so much condemned is as clearly defensible under the Constitution as it is meritorious in purpose. Sir, the only crime of these States is, that liberty has been placed before slavery. Follow the charge, point by point, and this will be apparent. In securing to every person claimed as a slave the protection of trial by jury and the *habeas corpus*, they simply provide safeguards, strictly within the province of every State, and rendered necessary by the usurpation of the Fugitive Act. In securing the aid of counsel to every person claimed as a slave, they but perform a kindly duty, which no phrase or word in the Constitution can be tortured to condemn. In visiting with severe penalties every malicious effort to reduce a fellow-man to slavery, they respond to the best feelings of the human heart. In prohibiting the use of the county jails and buildings, as barracoons and slave-pens; in prohibiting all public officers, holding the commission of the State, in any capacity—whether as chief justice or justice of the peace, whether as Governor or constable—from any service as a slave-hunter; in prohibiting the *volunteer militia* of the State, in its organized form, from any such service, the States simply exercise a power under the Constitution, recognised by the Supreme Court of the United States, even while upholding slavery, in the fatal *Prigg* case, by POSITIVE PROHIBITION, to withdraw its own officers from this offensive business.

For myself, let me say that I look with no pleasure on any possibility of conflict between the State and National jurisdictions; but I trust that, if the interests of freedom so require, the States will not hesitate. From the beginning of this controversy, I have sought, as I still seek, to awaken another influence, which, without the possibility of conflict, will be mightier than any act of Congress and the sword of the National Government. I mean an enlightened, generous, humane, Christian public opinion, which shall blast with contempt, indignation, and abhorrence, all who, in whatever form, or under whatever name, undertake to be agents in enslaving a fellow-man. Sir, such an opinion you cannot bind or subdue. Against its subtle, pervasive influence, your legislation and the decrees of courts will be powerless. Already in Massachusetts, I am proud to believe, it begins to prevail; and the Fugitive Act will soon be there a dead letter.

Mr. President, since things are so, it were well to remove this act from our statute-book, that it may no longer exist as an occasion of ill-will and a point of conflict. Let the North be relieved from this usurpation, and the first step will be taken towards permanent harmony. The Senator from Louisiana [Mr. Benjamin] has proclaimed anew to-night what he has before declared on this floor—"that slavery is a subject with which the Federal Government has nothing to do." I thank him for teaching the Senate that word. True, most true, sir, ours is a Government of freedom, which has nothing to do with slavery. This is the doctrine which I have ever maintained, and which I am happy to find recognised in form, if not in reality, by the Senator from Louisiana. The Senator then proceeded to declare that "all that the South asks is to be let alone." That request is moderate. And I say for the North, that all that we ask is to be let alone. Yes, sir, let us alone. Do not involve us in the support of slavery. Hug the viper to your bosoms, if you perversely will, within your own States, until it stings you to a generous remorse, but do not compel us to hug it too; for this, I assure you, we will not do.

But the Senator from Louisiana, with these professions on his lips, proceeds to ask, doubtless, with complete sincerity, but in strange forgetfulness of the history of our country: "Did we ever bring this subject into Congress?" Yes, sir, that was his inquiry, as if there had been any moment from the earliest days of the Republic when the supporters of slavery had ceased to bring this subject into Congress. Almost from the beginning it has been there, through the exercise of *usurped power*, nowhere given under the Constitution, for I am glad to believe that the Constitution of my country contains no words out of which slavery, or the power to support slavery, can be derived; and this conclusion, I doubt not, will yet be affirmed by the Courts. And yet, the honourable Senator asks: "Did we ever bring this subject into Congress?" The answer shall be plain and explicit. Sir, you brought slavery into Congress when, shortly after the adoption of the Constitution, you sanctioned it in the District of Columbia, within the national jurisdiction, and adopted that barbarous slave code, still extant on your statute-book, which the Senator from Connecticut [Mr. Gillette] has so eloquently exposed to-night. You brought slavery into Congress, when at the same period you accepted the cession of Territories from North Carolina and Georgia, now constituting States of the Union, with conditions in favour of slavery, and thus began to sanction slavery in Territories within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress. You brought slavery into Congress when, at different times, you usurped a power not given by the Constitution, over fugitive slaves, and by most offensive legislation thrust your arms

of his countrymen the true Gospel of *practical Christianity*. He spoke of Mr. P.'s subsequent consecration of his many talents, his health, and every outward possession, to the great work of awakening his nation to the sin of holding property in man; referred to Mr. P.'s 'Church as it Is,' from which Mrs. Stowe had drawn extensively in her 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' &c., &c. All these personal considerations were enough to bespeak sympathy and attention to Mr. P.; but when the *subject* on which he was about to address the meeting was considered, its magnitude and atrocity eclipsed all beside itself.

"Mr. Hill made another speech, full of deep feeling, at the close of Mr. P.'s lecture; and Rev. Daniel Cooper, an Episcopalian clergyman, said a few strong and hearty words.

"The relation of the American churches to slavery was the prominent topic in Mr. P.'s address; but he swept over a very wide field, carrying every hearer with him; touched upon the political aspects of the cause, the provisions and workings of the Fugitive Slave Law, the international slave trade, the American Board of Foreign Missions, &c. &c.

"A vote of thanks was passed, at the close of the proceedings, to the Bristol and Clifton Anti-Slavery Society, for getting up this lecture, and Mr. P. urged his hearers to strengthen the hands of this Society."

The following resolution was moved by Mr. E. J. Thomas, and was carried by acclamation:

"Resolved, That this meeting most cordially thanks Mr. Parker Pillsbury for his able, eloquent and instructive lecture, and desires, also, to record its deep sense of the noble and untiring zeal, energy and ability with which the American Anti-Slavery Society (of which Mr. Pillsbury has long been an able and undaunted member) has fought the battle of Humanity against the horrible system of slavery in the United States of America."

We have seen a recent letter from Mr. Pillsbury, in which he speaks of the pleasure he has in reading the American Anti-Slavery papers, and of his regret that he cannot communicate more frequently with their readers by his letters. He especially regrets the interruption in his letters to the *Bugle*. M.

LETTER FROM HON. MR. GILLETTE.

[The following letter from the Hon. Francis Gillette was addressed to Mr. Bassett, a coloured gentleman in New Haven.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30th, 1854.

MR. BASSETT—*Dear Sir:* In answer to your inquiry whether, in my opinion, it would be safe for a free coloured man of the North to visit Washington, I am under the sad necessity of saying that free persons of colour coming into the National District are presumed by the laws to be absconding slaves, and are liable to be arrested, and, if unable to prove their freedom, to be sold into slavery for life to pay their jail fees. By the law, if a free man of colour is apprehended as a runaway slave, he is subjected to all the fees and rewards given for apprehending runaways, and, upon failure to make such payment, is liable to be sold as a slave; and, to crown the villainy, the United States Marshal is constituted the Judge, into whose pocket goes the price of blood. Instances are numerous in which *unclaimed* persons have been sold, under this law, into lifelong slavery—and their price has been received by the Marshal, under the specious pretext of paying their expenses, while in prison.

In relation to your second inquiry—whether, if not utterly hazardous for a free coloured man of the North to venture into the Capitol, what precautions should be used—I would advise him to take a letter from some prominent citizen of the State from which he might come, setting forth his name, character and object or objects in visiting the national Metropolis and commending him to the kindness of some man residing here, who, should he fall into the clutches of the slave-hunting kidnapper and pirate, would interpose for his rescue.

Whether a coloured gentleman would be permitted to attend upon the debates and discussions in the Capitol, I can only say there is no rule in either House of Congress excluding such persons. The galleries are free and unguarded by doorkeepers, and I presume a coloured spectator would not be rudely thrust out, though he might be annoyed and insulted by

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely."

I will add, in conclusion, that the free coloured in this District amount to several thousand, and are, as I understand, to a considerable extent, the owners of property, which is taxed to support the city schools and for other municipal purposes, while they are summarily excluded from any participation in the benefits of those schools, and necessitated to support other schools for educating their children. Still, notwithstanding all the injustice and outrage which are heaped upon them, they seem to bear up heroically under their wrongs, and demean themselves more virtuously than their oppressors; for, while I have been pained to see, during my short residence here, scores of drunken white men, in all the intermediate conditions, from the hackney coach to the gutter, I never have yet seen a drunken coloured man, nor any apparently sunken to so low an abyss of degradation and shame as a numerous class of white profligates and debauchees. These observations go to verify a remark of the late Dr. Channing, that we are trampling upon one of the best branches of the human family.

In the hope that the nation may turn and expiate its great wickedness, before it shall be overwhelmed by the Divine judgments,

I remain, truly, your friend,
FRANCIS GILLETTE.

ANOTHER IDA MAY.

From the Boston Telegraph.

Our readers will remember that, several weeks since, some account was given of a family of white slaves in Virginia, in whom Mr. Sumner has taken much interest. Four of the six members of the family have been freed, at a cost of eight hundred dollars, raised principally by John A. Andrew, Esq., of this city. This seems to be a much more judicious expenditure of money than the payment of nearly double that amount for the freedom of Anthony Burns, thereby serving the double purpose of parading the names of certain well known Fugitive Slave bill officials as subscribers to the Burns fund, and at the same time acting as a premium to slave-catchers to visit our State to seize alleged fugitives for purposes of speculation.

The daguerreotype mentioned in the following letter is a portrait of one of the family referred to, a most beautiful white girl, with high forehead, straight hair, intellectual appearance, and decidedly attractive features. It may be seen for a few days at the State House, in the hands of the Clerk of the House of Representatives.

LETTER FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19, 1855.

DEAR DOCTOR: I send you by the mail the daguerreotype of a child about seven years old, who, only a few months ago, was a slave in Virginia, but who is now happily free by means sent on from Boston, which I had the happiness of being entrusted with for this purpose. She is bright and intelligent—another Ida May. I think her presence among us (in Boston) will be more effective than any speech I can make.

Meanwhile I send this picture, thinking that you will be glad to exhibit it among the members of the Legislature, as an illustration of slavery. Let a hard-hearted Hunker look at it and be softened.

I send another copy, in a different attitude, to John A. Andrew. Her name is Mary.

Ever yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S.—Such is slavery! There it is! Should such things be allowed to continue in Washington, under the shadow of the Capitol?

Dr. James W. Stone.

From the New York Daily Times.

We received a visit yesterday from an interesting little girl—who, less than a month since, was a slave belonging to Judge Neal, of Alexandria, Va. Our readers will remember that we lately published a letter, addressed by Hon. Charles Sumner to some friends in Boston, accompanying a daguerreotype which that gentleman had forwarded to his friends in that city, and which he described as the portrait of a real "Ida May," a young female slave, so white as to defy the acutest judge to detect in her features, complexion, hair, or general appearance, the slightest trace of negro blood. It was this child that visited our office, accompanied by Mr. Charles H. Brainard, in whose care she was placed by Mr. Sumner, for transmission to Boston. Her history is briefly as follows: Her name is Mary Mildred Botts; her father escaped from the estate of Judge Neal, Alexandria, six years ago, and took refuge in Boston. Two years since, he purchased his freedom for $600, his wife and three children being still in bondage. The good feeling of his Boston friends induced them to subscribe for the purchase of his family, and, three weeks since, through the agency of Hon. Charles Sumner, the purchase was effected, $800 being paid for the family. They created quite a sensation in Washington, and were provided with a passage in the first-class car to this city, whence they took their way, last evening, by the Fall River route to Boston. The child was exhibited yesterday to many prominent individuals in this city, and the general sentiment, in which we fully concur, was one of astonishment that she should ever have been held a slave. She was one of the fairest and most indisputable white children that we have ever seen.

The following appears in a Missouri Journal, The Lexington *Democratic* Advocate:

NEGRO DOGS.—I would inform the citizens of Holmes County that I still have my NEGRO DOGS, and that they are in good training, and ready to attend to all calls of hunting and catching RUNAWAY NEGROES, at the following rates: For hunting per day, five dollars, or, if I have to travel any distance, every day will be charged for, in going and returning, as for hunting, and at the same rates. Not less than five dollars will be charged in any case where the Negroes come in before I reach the place. From fifteen to twenty-five dollars will be charged for catching, according to the trouble; if the Negro has weapons, the charge will be made according to the difficulty had in taking him; or in case he kills some of the dogs, the charge will not be governed by the above rates. I am explicit to prevent any misunderstanding. The owner of the slave to pay all expenses in all cases. I venture to suggest to any person having a slave runaway that the better plan is to send for the dogs forthwith when the negro goes off, if they intend sending at all, and let no other person go in the direction, if they know which way the runaway went; as many persons having other negroes to hunt over the track, and failing of success, send for the dogs, and then, perhaps, fail in consequence to catch their negro, and thus causelessly fault the dogs. Terms cash. If the money is not paid at the time the negro hunted for is caught, he will be held bound for the money. I can be found at home at all times, five and a half miles east of Lexington, except when hunting with the dogs. JOHN LONG.

Feb. 14, 1855.

Lexington, in Missouri, is near the frontier of Kansas, and so the crowning glory of the patriarchal system—negro dogs—is ready-to-hand in that country where, according to Mr. Everett, slavery could not go. If there be a single reader of the *Tribune* with heart so dark and skull so dense as to uphold that system, with its blazing pyres and hounds of blood, let him examine the simple, unadorned brutality of the above advertisement. John Long, as above named, advertises in a Democratic paper—professedly so on its title-page—nay, more: not an easy-going Democratic journal, but a Democratic advocate—that is, taking Democracy as the text of its intellectual being, and infusing it into its current discussions, great and little. Next, John Long advertises in a paper whose editor has pitched his typographical tent in Lexington—a name utterly sacred to liberty—a place as dear to the memory of America as Marathon was to Greece—an appellation which the hunters of Kentucky seized upon for their settlement of enterprise and heroism, as the noblest in our history up to 1775. Vainly would the pen attempt to describe the mendacity which so defiles the names of Democracy and Lexington as to duplicate them in the title of a newspaper whose support comes from such advertisements as the above blood-hound horrors. For five dollars a day John Long will travel any distance, with his dogs. He wants nearly thirty pieces, if he has much trouble in catching the victim; and he is "explicit to prevent any misunderstanding" about requiring pay for his own and his animals' service, if a negro should kill any of them while engaged in the delicate duty of extracting a portion of the calf of a human leg, or rib-covering, or what-not. He is fair-spoken. The *naïveté* of a brigand or a bravo is not more perfect than that of John Long and the editor of the *Lexington Democratic Advocate*. No: debauch the dog—make his native scent for food the means of murder! Up and at them, the poor shivering slaves, sons of poverty and shame, lone, landless and almost God-forsaken, under the labour-saving machinery of hunting them to their fastnesses! Nor will John Long let the negro go free if the master cannot pay the expenses. Perhaps he was inspired to this sense of his dues by studying the character of a Commissioner Ingraham or Hallett, and would not let the East beat him even in tranquil baseness—in the calculations of price after the exciting pleasures of the hunt were over.

The theory of the softening arts—what is its worth, when the press of Anglo-Saxondom enforces diabolism, unknown, in the desperate meanness and cruelty of its details, to the scalping savage? He at least scents out his victim, and runs his mortal risk! But the hunter with the blood-hounds ———. Compared with his trade, that of the highwayman is decent and manly.—*Tribune.*

PROGRESS OF ANTI-SLAVERY.—To the anti-slavery men, if any there be, who are disappointed and discouraged by the apparent slowness with which the cause of Freedom advances, we commend the following extracts from the Mobile *Evening News*:

"The success of the Abolitionists, in the recent election of United States Senators from the North and North-west, is ominous. The party which, twenty years ago, was ridiculed in the North for the insignificance of its numbers and fanaticism, and treated with contempt in the South, now controls the political destiny of States like New York. In the East, North and West, the reverberations of their cannon echo over hill and valley the fiendish joy of their triumphant hosts. Their bonfires and rockets luridly glare upon their cold sky and snow-clad earth, in commemoration of victory.

"Along road, river and lake, upon sea shore and mountain, from Massachusetts to Wisconsin, shout answers shout from their jubilant followers.

"Abolitionism, the offspring of crazy preachers and foolish women, the bantling of dirtiest demagogues, now takes a seat in the Senate Chamber, to counsel in the greatest assembly in the world, and to advise the President of a Republic of States. It has demoralized the Whig and Democratic parties which sought its lewd embrace. It laughs to scorn the Know-Nothing party, which, we were told, would Americanize and convert it from its pestiferous course to conservatism.

"It scoffs the word of God, tramples on the Constitution, violates sacred oaths without remorse, and yet in the North, the pious North, celebrated for its schools, for its churches, for its Sabbath ordinances, for Temperance laws, for moral reform, it boldly marches forward conquering every party that opposes it. What does this portend? What will be the end of this beginning?

"The election of the several Abolition Senators is not the triumph of men. Mr. Seward's and Mr. Wilson's election is no exponent of individual success. It is the exponent of a great moral power. It is a pulsation of the heart of a great revolution which has been gathering strength slowly, but with accelerated progression from the day that Arthur Tappan and Horace Greeley put the terrible ball of Abolitionism and Communism in motion. Seward and Wilson are but flies upon the massive wheels of the car of the Juggernaut which will soon crush all North and South that come in its resistless way. It is not Seward nor Wilson that are to be feared. It is ideas that live—that revolutionize—not men. Let not the South be limited in her view, and lose sight of a great revolution, in watching the success of men.

"If, then, the recent elections of Abolition Senators are an index of a revolution in the North, and not of individual success, and if it be true that revolutions never go backward, what is the South to do? She must look to no party nor man North of Mason and Dixon's line for safety. She must not expect it in the Constitution. The South must prepare to rely upon herself, for Abolitionism will at no distant day put her out of the pale of the Union."

MORE SLAVEHOLDING LOGIC.—We have recently given several rather remarkable specimens of Southern logic, but the following, from a correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, is quite a curiosity in its way. The writer was at Norfolk when Mr. Burns passed through that city on his way to the North. He says:

"I am informed Burns was very unwilling to try a Northern climate again, but the planters in the vicinity of his late owner so strongly protesting against a slave who had once resided in the North associating with their slaves, caused Mr. McDaniel to dispose of him. Mr. McDaniel had tried to dispose of him to the South, but, for the same reason could find no purchaser."

Now, *if* Mr. Burns *was* "very unwilling to try a Northern climate again," even as a free man, it could only have been because he believed that he should be better off at the South. And *if* he held such an opinion, then his intercourse with the slaves could not have worked mischief to the planters, for he would, of course, have communicated to his brethren in bondage his impressions as to the relative desirableness of freedom and slavery, and so would have prevented many a flight from the divine institution. *If* Mr. Burns was disgusted with freedom, he would have been an invaluable missionary for the slaveholders.

Another comment is provoked by this illogical Southern paragraph. *If* Southern men will not purchase a man after he has been in the North, a freeman—or, in other words, *if* his whole value is thus destroyed for mercantile purposes—why do the slaveholders make such a precious disturbance about the recovery of their worthless property? If he is not good for anything, what do they want of him? If he will not only run off again, but will persuade others to follow him, why does the master expend thousands of dollars in seizing him, and threaten to dissolve the Union when he can't get him? Perhaps the answer will be, because he is determined to have his rights recognised, without regard to expense. But sensible men do not insist upon their rights when to obtain them is to injure themselves. No man chooses to meet the attack of a polar bear or a rattlesnake simply because he has the "right of way"; and no man chooses to admit into his house a person infected with the plague, or addicted to stealing, merely because he has a right to do so. The slaveholders, then, in hunting slaves, who, when captured, are nuisances, are acting wantonly and insanely, and creating at the same time a disturbance among peaceable citizens, and ought to be restrained and put under guardianship.

The truth is, however, that Mr. Burns never said he was unwilling to return to the North, any more than he said, when he was here, that he wanted to return to the South.—*Boston Tel.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

THE THREE WISE MEN OF OSTEND.

"The Anglo-Saxons were always Land-stealers!" General Hamilton (not of the Revolution, but) of South Carolina, and afterwards of Texas, exclaimed on some public occasion, before that pear was quite ripe enough for our plucking. The sentiment was received with shouts of applause, and our whole history since has been an ample vindication of our descent from the Vi-kings of old time. And we have not merely developed this ancestral trait in our own Native American persons, but we have even communicated it, by inoculation or contagion, to our adopted brethren. Mr. Soulé, for instance, though his speech bewrayeth him that he is not of the divine Order of United Americans, though he is believed to be nothing better than a cross between a Catalan and a Gascon, and not without a suspicion of a dash of gipsey blood in his concoction, Mr. Soulé is as hungry after what does not belong to him, and as ravenous for his neighbour's lands, as the fairest-haired and ruddiest of the descendants of Northern Europe. He has come home in a miff because he was not allowed to take up the Island of Cuba and pass it over to us, whether Spain liked it or *lumped* it. It is even suggested by some Washington Letter-writers that he has actually refused to dine with the President upon this quarrel! This, indeed, would be war not merely to the Knife, but to the Fork also. We hope that the hostilities have not proceeded to this extent; or, if they have, that they will stop there, and that Mr. Soulé will not feel himself called upon to shoot the President for the action of his Cabinet, as he did the French Ambassador, for what happened at his ball. At any rate, it appears clear that the *ci-devant* Minister to Spain has come home with a flea of formidable dimensions in his ear, and robbed of all the glory he had counted upon as surely his, in the clean conveyance of Cuba from Spain to the United States. He is in the predicament of a bully that has been kicked, of a braggart that has had his nose pulled, of a pickpocket that has been jumped upon. It is no wonder that he has no appetite for his dinner.

And Messrs. Buchanan and Mason do not stand in a much more dignified attitude before the world than their mongrel brother. They did not remember how very fast we grow in this country, and could not foresee what a single year was to bring forth. They knew that Land-stealing was a virtue that, most of all, led to the high places. When they went abroad, the *Coup d'Etat* by which Cuba was to be bought or seized was regarded as almost as good as done. Everything seemed to favour the project. England and France had their hands full with Russia. Spain was on the brink of a revolution, and the troublous times seemed to impend there which are most favourable to that class of men, public and private, that have a passion for their neighbours' goods. The men that should show themselves the most forward in the little scheme for the acquisition of that snug Island would be the ones that we should the most delight to honour. It was not thought well that Mr. Soulé should have the sole glory and profit of such a game. The Cabinet at Washington suggested a Meeting of the American Ministers, at the Courts of the Great Powers, to consult for the good of the Republic. The Congress took place at Ostend, last October (alas! before the news of the elections in the States could reach them!), and the three together produced a State paper, which has just been placed before the astounded eyes of the world. We really think that they could not have looked forward to its being made public by Congress—at least, during the rest of their diplomatic lives. We do not see how Mr. Mason can look even the men of the Second of December in the face, after they shall have seen this specimen of his diplomacy; still less, how Mr. Buchanan can expect English statesmen and gentlemen to meet him on terms of equality after this disclosure of himself. The cool audacity of the statement of the case, and of the deductions drawn from it, must better the expectations even of the most sanguine believers in the omnipotence of Yankee impudence. The *Thimblerig* rises to the dignity of an exact Science, and Three Card Monte assumes the rank of a Political Economy, in the presence of this new scheme of rascality. It was a true Parliament of Rogues, and we can think of no public man in England so fit to take charge of its members as Lord Shaftesbury, whose benevolence looks even to the reformation of thieves and vagabonds. Surely, nothing but the charity which embraces "the criminal classes" can be wide enough to cover these reprobates.

The logic of the Ostend paper is of the simplest possible description. It is as simple and perspicuous as its morality. We want Cuba, say they; if Spain will sell it to us at a price we shall fix upon it, very good. If not, we will take it from her without money and without price. The first alternative has, at the first blush, a look of fairness—"a plausible appearance of a probability" of a sort of honesty. But we imagine few of us would honour the scruples of a foot-pad who should say to us, "sell me your gold watch for five shillings, and it is a bargain; if not, I'll blow your brains out and take it for nothing." The whole proposition is to be taken together, and the latter half of it must be understood as the key of the whole. But why must we have Cuba at this price of money or of blood? Europe may well ask this question, as she looks at the map and considers the necessities of the case. Cuba is so near that she endangers the safety of "our cherished Union!" But she is six hundred miles off. Canada and the British Provinces lie all alongside of our cherished Union, divided from it only by a river, not a gun-shot across, or by a merely imaginary line. Why is its integrity not put more in jeopardy by this neighbourhood than by the other? Why do we not offer to Great Britain the same alternative of her money or her life? What is endangered by the existence of Cuba two hundred leagues away? It might well puzzle a simple-minded Democrat, like M. Kossuth, who does not seem yet to have learned our quality thoroughly, by the taste we gave him of it, when he was in this country, The danger is to the Slave Power. The demand for the Cession is to guard against the possibility of Spanish Emancipation. The scorpion feels the wall of fire narrowing around him, and makes a desperate rush to keep one side free from it. The English of the Ostend proclamation is, that human Slavery is the main object of the Union we cherish so much, that to keep a sixth of our countrymen in hopeless chains is the purpose of our boasted institutions, and that even a remote and possible danger to them is to be bought off at any price of gold or of life. It is feared that Spain, under the influences of England and France, may introduce a system of free labour, may abolish Slavery, may set their captives free! And to avert this horror, these three wise men of the West think no sum of money too great to pay and no amount of blood too much to shed! Is not this an encouraging statement to be laid before the oppressed Nationalities of Europe? Is not this a dainty dish to set before the Kings?

It will not be the fault of our Representatives Abroad if all the world do not know the truth about us. We know that it is true that we have but *one* political interest in this country, and that is the maintenance and strengthening of Slavery. Whigs and Democrats, when they are put to the test of an Election, both acknowledge and accept the great Fact. Our whole Statecraft consists in this alone, and our policy is as simple and direct as that of the Emperor Nicholas himself. Our Home Legislation and our Foreign Diplomacy has no other end, and the only aim of every politician, with a hope or chance of success, is to signalize his devotion to this our Manifest Destiny. We, Abolitionists, have known and demonstrated this for years. This country is beginning to understand it pretty generally, too. And all Europe will soon have this new Exegesis of the doctrine of American Republicanism crammed into its ears. This Ostend Manifesto will do much towards enlightening the world as to what we Yankees mean when we talk about Liberty and Human Rights. It is true that those political philosophers who furnished the world with this last Discourse of the Rights and Duties of a Republican Government have found themselves taken in their own craftiness. Mr. Soulé and Mr. Buchanan thought that they had *headed* President Pierce by that measure, and, lo! it is he that has cornered them! They thought that they were playing a safe game, and they find themselves unaccountably outwitted. They were set down at the table, and the stakes placed for them by Mr. Pierce, and they played it according to the American edition of Hoyle. And when they were looking for their share of the winnings, they find themselves deserted by their confederate, and, what is worse, given up to the police by him. All their reward is to be told that they blundered in their play, by letting the bystanders see their hands, and that they will deserve all they will get. It is nothing surprising that Mr. Soulé should have thrown up his cards and come home. All the wonder is that any of them can stay abroad after this exposure. But they are not the first men that have been too impetuous, like Soulé, or too fat-headed, like Buchanan, and so spoiled their game by too great a wish to win it. Coolness of head is an essential virtue of all kinds of gambling. The doctrines of the Ostend paper are sound American doctrines; the only blunder was in putting them down in black and white. Dick Turpin and Sixteen String Jack had perfectly sound American notions as to *meum and tuum*; but they never met together and furnished any Jonathan Wild with a statement of their plans for publication in the Gazette. The Slaveholders have not relinquished their designs on Cuba. They are retiring only to make their spring the more deadly. They will make desperate play for it yet; but they will throw aside, like a dirty pack of cards, such bungling implements as the Three Wise Men of Ostend.

MASSACHUSETTS AND HER SENATORS.

Our first page, this week, is occupied with the speeches of Messrs. Wilson and Sumner, delivered in the course of the recent debate in the United States Senate upon the bill to make the Fugitive Slave Act more effective—a bill which, thank God! was left to sleep the sleep of death in the heap of business unfinished by the House of Representatives. The debate was by far the most important that took place during the recent session of Congress, and we will not discredit the intelligence of our readers so much as to doubt, for a moment, that they will examine with eager interest the speeches referred to. That of Mr. Sumner is, in every respect, all that we had a right to expect of him, in view of his well-known opinions upon the relations of the Constitution to Slavery. We cannot expect any representative of Massachusetts to go further, until the people of that State shall become ripe for revolutionary measures and prepared to dissolve their connection with the blood-stained American Union. Contemplating the possibility of a conflict between the State and National jurisdictions upon the question of returning fugitive slaves to their masters, he expressly says, that if the interests of Freedom so require—in other words, if a righteous public opinion shall not prove sufficient to prevent the enforcement of the Fugitive law—"I TRUST THE STATES WILL NOT HESITATE." Here is a spark of revolutionary fire, of which we hope there will be more when Massachusetts shall call for it.

Mr. Sumner, like many other earnest anti-slavery men, is still under the strange hallucination that the Union of these States can be permanently cemented by what he calls a return to the policy of its early founders; that union, for great purposes of Constitutional Liberty, between States that are free and States that are slaveholding, is not, by the eternal law of God, an impossibility; that the lion of Slavery, by some ingenuity of political manipulation, can be so tamed as to consent to part with his teeth and claws, and, thus despoiled, that he will be a fit companion of the goddess of Liberty! How widely we differ from Sumner upon this point we need not say; but that difference blinds us in no degree to the many evidences of his fidelity to his own deep and earnest convictions; still less does it diminish our appreciation of the high moral tone of his speeches and the eloquence by which they are illustrated. His replies to the interrogatories addressed to him by Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, are direct, unequivocal and manly. Reserving the question of the duties imposed by the Constitution upon the States in that regard—a question which Mr. Butler's interrogatories did not touch—he declares, "No temptation, no inducement, would draw me, *in any way*, to sanction the return of any man to slavery." He would neither recommend nor sanction, as a citizen of Massachusetts, any law for the delivery of a fugitive slave under the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Wilson's position, we are sorry to say, is less satisfactory. His answers to the interrogatories of Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, seem to us evasive and equivocal. Before speaking further upon the subject, however, we will give place to a friend of Mr. Wilson, from whom we have received the following letter:

EAST LEXINGTON, MASS., March 8, 1855.

To the Editors of Standard:

It seems to me that you do great injustice to General Wilson in sundry paragraphs which have lately appeared in your paper. Mr. Burlingame delivered a lecture at the Tremont Temple, immediately after the election of Mr. Wilson as Senator, in the course of which he proclaimed the fact that the Constitution of the United States was an *Anti-Slavery* document. Mr. Wilson arose and *heartily endorsed* Mr. Burlingame's sentiment. This was duly published in the political papers of the day, *not* excepting the *Washington Union*. With such a belief of the Constitution, he did right to say he favoured the carrying out of such Constitution.

Again. The ruling influences in the politics of Oregon are well known to be Frank Pierce Hunkerism; I thank Wilson for "*putting off* the evil day" which would bring two more doughface Senators to the United States Senate. I am not a "K. N." or "Native," but will rejoice at all the *Anti-Slavery* work they do.

GEO. W. SIMONDS.

We would gladly believe that Mr. Wilson regards the Constitution of the United States as an anti-slavery instrument; but, whatever he may have said in Boston, upon the occasion referred to by Mr. Simonds, he uttered no such sentiment in the speech now before us. Lysander Spooner, Gerrit Smith, and others of the same school, deny that there is a word in the Constitution relating to the extradition of fugitive slaves, whether by Federal or State authority; but Mr. Wilson expressly says, "The extradition of fugitives from labour should be left to the States, where, we believe, the Constitution leaves it." Such language, on the floor of the Senate, must be understood to mean that the Constitution imposes upon the States an obligation to return fugitive slaves to their masters. There is no escape from this, except upon the assumption that Mr. Wilson sought to mask his real views under an equivocal phraseology, in order to evade the point which Mr. Benjamin afterwards pressed upon his attention. His answers to the interrogatories of that gentleman are not, we submit, such as an intelligent convert to the doctrines of Lysander Spooner might be expected to give. Mr. Benjamin desired to know whether Massachusetts, in the exercise of her sovereignty, would catch and return fugitive slaves. The question was suggested and authorized by Mr. Wilson's own declaration, that the power and the duty of rendition is devolved by the Constitution upon the States. If he believed that neither the State nor the Federal Government was bound to catch slaves, why, when thus interrogated, did he not say so in unequivocal terms? He had promised to "deal frankly" with Southern Senators "in regard to this question" [of slavery], in which they and their people were "so deeply interested." Why, then, if his views were such as our correspondent supposes, did he use language which he knew would mislead—nay, which he saw *did* mislead—Southern Senators? When Mr. Wilson, in reply to the Senator from Louisiana, declared that, in his judgment, Massachusetts would "fulfil the obligations which the Constitution imposed upon her" in respect to fugitive slaves, that Senator at once responded, "*That is a satisfactory answer.*" And when Mr. Weller expressed a doubt whether Massachusetts would actually perform what Mr. Wilson had promised on her behalf, the latter, instead of intimating that those gentlemen had misunderstood him, reiterated what he had previously said; thus leaving the country to infer, that the State of Massachusetts, if the Fugitive Slave law were only repealed, would, with proper safeguards for the liberty and the rights of her own citizens, provide laws for the restoration of Southern chattels to their owners. If he meant anything else than this, his language was certainly a fraud upon his interrogators and upon the whole South.

Mr. Wilson's professions of love for the Union are as unseemly as they are fulsome and gratuitous. "If I know myself," said the Senator, "*I would sacrifice all of life and of hope to maintain and perpetuate the Union of these States.*" If this language had fallen from the lips of Dr. Dewey, or from those of some Castle Garden Union-saver, it would awaken no surprise; but, in the mouth of an anti-slavery representative of old Massachusetts it is simply disgusting.

We have expressed ourselves with entire frankness, and certainly in no unfriendly spirit toward Mr. Wilson, respecting those parts of his speech which we cannot approve; but we should do injustice to our own feelings if we did not say that, except in the particulars thus specified, the speech was creditable to its author and worthy of his position.

In regard to Mr. Wilson's opposition to the Oregon bill, while we are far from attributing it to a bad motive, we must say it was at least unfortunate. It did not *look well* for an anti-slavery Senator to oppose a measure designed to pave the way for the introduction of another free State into that Union which he loves so fondly. It is only fair, however, to give him the benefit of the statement made—semi-officially, perhaps—by the *Boston Telegraph*, to wit: That the bill in question "had been reported in a new form to the Senate, so that it would have had to go again to the House. Mr. Douglas, when he called it up, said explicitly that it could not possibly pass the House. There was, therefore, no reason for wasting the time of the Senate on such a question, within an hour and a half of noon on the Sabbath." We are more than willing to believe that Mr. Wilson's course was governed by this consideration; although his connection with the Know-Nothings, in view of the pending election in Virginia, was well calculated to awaken anxiety, if not suspicion, in regard to his words and acts.

"FUSION OF ABOLITIONISTS."

THE *Independent*, in spite of the many good things it utters, from time to time, on the subject of Slavery, editorially and otherwise, is afflicted with a chronic propensity to disparage and misrepresent every form of anti-slavery effort which attempts to deal faithfully with the delinquencies of the American Church and to expose the complicity of the great religious organizations of the country with the "peculiar institution." Some weeks since, it poured out the vials of its wrath upon Parker Pillsbury, falsely representing him to be an infidel, and applying to him many opprobrious epithets, on account of his speech in the London Conference, wherein he exposed, with a scathing severity, but with the strictest regard for truth, the pro-slavery course of the American Board and its supporters. The editors have been asked, as we happen to know, whether or not they will permit Mr. Pillsbury to speak, in their columns, in his own defence. When they have answered that question, we shall be able to pronounce an opinion as to their fairness and honesty in dealing with those from whom they differ in opinion. Meanwhile, we have occasion to speak of a singular article which appeared in the *Independent* of last week, under the head of "Fusion of Abolitionists, and which offers a fresh illustration of its proclivity to misrepresentation whenever it deals with certain topics. The introductory paragraph of the article to which we allude is here reproduced:

"In these days of 'fusion,' when old party feuds are buried for the sake of some new demonstration upon the political platform, it is not surprising that there should be signs of fusion between the '*American* Anti-Slavery Society,' and the 'American and *Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society.' Both these Societies have been almost powerless for good since the disruption in 1840, while the healthful and efficient anti-slavery sentiment of the country has developed itself through other channels. Both have contributed to keep alive the discussion of the Slavery question in various ways, whether for good or for evil. Both have stood as the embodied protest of certain classes in the community against an enormous wrong. We would not disparage their labours; we honour the sincerity, the pertinacity, and the zeal of both parties. Yet no intelligent person needs to be informed that neither of these technical Anti-Slavery Societies has originated the measures which for the last ten years have told most effectively against slavery, has aroused and directed the popular movement for its suppression, or has attracted to itself a tithe of the numerical or moral strength of anti-slavery sentiment in the North and West. Now, at last, as if satisfied that they had lost ground by the disruption, the representatives of these rival sections of a once powerful Society, are attempting the somewhat awkward work of fusion. The common platform on which they meet, is the misrepresentation and abuse, before the *English* public, of all who do not belong to one or the other of their respective cliques. Our readers have recently had a specimen of Mr. Parker Pillsbury's proficiency in the department of philanthropy.

"We are now constrained to introduce to them two representatives of the other section of exclusive Abolitionists who figure in the same department."

The *Independent* proceeds to arraign Mr. Lewis Tappan, of this city, and the Rev. James Vincent, a Cincinnati clergyman now in England, for sins committed by them on the other side of the water, in respect to the positions of the American Board upon the question of slavery. We shall not undertake the defence of those gentlemen upon the issue thus made, though we are free to say, that if Mr. Tappan had no worse sin upon his soul than that whereof he is accused by the *Independent*, he would be a fortunate man indeed. But we despise the meanness, which, for the sake of exciting odium against persons with whom it has a controversy, led the *Independent* to attempt to identify them with parties for whom they have no fellowship and for whose acts they are in no degree responsible. The agreement between the *American* Anti-Slavery Society and the American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society in regard to the pro-slavery character of the American Board is no closer now than it has been at any time since the latter Society was formed. The representatives of the two Societies, in all that they have said upon that subject, have acted independently and without concert, and the assertion that they "are attempting the somewhat awkward work of fusion," upon "the common platform" of hostility to the American Board, is as silly as it is mendacious. The purpose, for which alone such a piece of ridiculous fiction could have been promulgated, is unworthy of any honourable journal.

CYRUS M. BURLEIGH.

In the death of this excellent man, the Anti-Slavery cause has lost a most earnest and faithful advocate, and the American Abolitionists a valuable and beloved fellow-labourer. Though he died at the age of thirty-five years, he had spent sixteen years of his life in public anti-slavery labour, so early did he consecrate himself to this cause of Reform. And his labours were of no ordinary value. Rarely has such self-sacrificing devotedness to any philanthropic enterprise been equalled; for it may truly be said of him that he toiled to the full measure of his strength, ay, and beyond the limit which a just regard for his health would have imposed. Putting himself in the slave's stead, he tasked his energies to the utmost for his redemption. No toil seemed too arduous, no task too humble for him to attempt, for the sake of the cause which his soul loved. In the various departments of his labour, as editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which office he filled during several years, or as a travelling agent and lecturer for the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, he worked untiringly and heartily. Gradually and reluctantly did he relinquish those labours (urged by the earnest entreaties of his friends) when it became clearly evident that they were destroying his health, and hastening his death. Nor could he be induced wholly to relinquish them until he was absolutely unable to perform them. Partially blind to the signs of the progress of his fatal disease, he, for many months, cherished hopes of being sufficiently restored to be able to resume his labours, for, with him, the desire to live was the desire to labour diligently in the cause of Truth and Right. When he found that death was inevitable, he was calm and serene in the prospect of its approach, cheerfully acquiescing in the will of his Heavenly Father. He expressed his unshaken confidence in the principles of the cause of Reform, to which he had devoted his life, his joy in the fact that he had spent his strength in its service, his regret that he had not been able to work more efficiently in it, and his firm conviction of its ultimate triumph. The very great suffering of the last few weeks of his life he bore patiently, waiting and longing for the summons to depart. He passed away peacefully, on the morning of the 7th inst., and his body was brought to the city of Philadelphia, and interred in the beautiful Woodland Cemetery. He has left the anti-slavery band, with whom he was in such true sympathy, to struggle on, without his aid, but he has left them memories of his noble, self-denying life, his lofty faith in the Right and the Truth, and his deep, earnest sympathy with all true Reforms. He has finished his work and gone to his rest. Let those who cherish his memory, cherish also that fidelity to the right, that self-sacrificing love for the slave, which made his life noble and heroic.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—*The Independent* of last week published the following editorial paragraph in the column devoted to city affairs:

"Wm. Lloyd Garrison lectured in the Tabernacle last week to a large audience, who seemed as much surprised as delighted at the eloquence and manner of the man. Garrison has been a bugbear for so many years, and has been so mercilessly abused in print, that people who have never seen him fancy something terrible and unhumanly grim in his appearance. This mild gentleman with the noble head and unferocious spectacles is quite another thing from what their fancy painted. But in what he says, and in the way in which he says it, there is some justification for the popular notion. The clearness, directness and force with which he utters himself are all what was expected; but we imagine the fervid eloquence, the absorption in his subject, the rapt earnestness of his manner, totally without exaggeration or affectation, and yet more, the ready wit and sly humour that enrich and enliven his discourse, were elements whose existence in this man were little expected. It is a notable fact, and one well worth thinking of, that this man, the leader and originator of the most ultra anti-slavery party, should have spoken, interrupted oftener by applause than hisses, to a large and respectable audience, in the very place where we saw him personally insulted and abused, and the meeting over which he presided broken-up, by *that* Capt. Rynders who, at that time, ruled and represented public political sentiment in the city of New York."

This more than courteous and respectful notice of Mr. Garrison, in a popular and widely circulated Orthodox religious paper, is a "fact" scarcely less "notable" and quite as well "worth thinking of" as that to which *The Independent* alludes. We record it with great satisfaction

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12th.

OUR valued friend and esteemed coadjutor, Cyrus M. Burleigh, whose health had been so long declining, has at last taken his departure. On Wednesday morning he breathed his last, and on Saturday afternoon his mortal remains were consigned to the tomb. The house from which the funeral procession moved was densely crowded by his numerous friends, who came there to pay to his memory the last tribute of their affectionate regard. A strong and heart-warm testimony to his purity of life and general worth was borne by those who had known him long and well; and the trickling tear on many a cheek was the silent witness, on the part of those who listened, to the truth and justice of what was said. Henry Grew, Lucretia Mott and Charles C. Burleigh were the speakers. Mr. Grew dwelt upon the moral uprightness and devotedness to principle of our friend, and especially upon his entire consecration of heart to the cause of the suffering and oppressed. He addressed himself, with deep pathos, to those present who were personally bereaved by this sad event, and exhorted all to lay to heart the lesson which the occasion so solemnly inculcated.

Mrs. Mott said this was the second time in a very short [illegible] that the friends of the slave in this city [illegible] called to mourn the departure of a valued coadjutor. Our beloved friend, Haworth Wetherald, had been taken away in the prime of his manhood, and at the full tide of his usefulness, and now, when our tears had scarce ceased to flow, and before the wound in our hearts had had time to heal, another, still younger and moving in a yet wider sphere of useful activity, and whom we had fondly counted on for indefinite years of service, has been cut down—and who shall supply his place? Mrs. Mott recalled the time when our friend first came among us, nine years ago, in the freshness and vigour, as it were, of his youth; she spoke of his glowing and earnest zeal, and the eloquent appeals especially by which he sought to inspire others of the same age with a portion of his own devotedness. She regarded his arduous life and early death as in some sense a martyrdom; not doubting that it had been his indefatigable and self-forgetting labours that had put a premature period to his days.

Mrs. Mott was followed by C. C. Burleigh, the brother of the deceased, who, in low tones and in a voice much impeded by emotion, uttered one of the most beautiful and touching eulogiums I ever heard on any similar occasion. I wish I could recall some of the beautiful and well-sustained figures in which his glowing feeling expressed itself; but my memory is too imperfect to allow me even to attempt it.

The interment took place at the "Woodlands," a beautiful cemetery, on the west bank of the Schuylkill, about a mile below the city. The day was excessively cold and disagreeable, but, notwithstanding, quite a goodly number followed the body to its last resting place. As we stood around the grave, Mary Grew said, with a voice and manner deeply impressive:

"He has fought a good fight; he has kept the faith; he has finished his course. He has gone before us, our true-hearted brother, to the spirit-land; whence his voice comes back to us, saying, 'Be ye faithful unto death.'"

This was the end of these solemn ceremonies. The procession was re-formed, and the sad party returned to their homes, some mourning for their personal bereavement, and all sorrowing for the departure of a true friend to humanity.

This event has not come upon us suddenly, yet it can hardly be said that we were prepared for it. It is a year since our friend was disabled from active labour, and for even a longer time than that the result which has now been reached was by some of us clearly foreseen; yet his loss is none the less sensibly felt. He has left a gap which we have not yet been able, nor have we now any prospect of being able, to fill.

His place we may not well supply,
Though we among *ten thousand* try
With vain endeavour.

The truth is—to pass from this subject to another which it naturally suggests—our cause is sadly off for efficient active labourers. Though many new converts are added to our ranks, our lecturing agents are lamentably few. James W. Walker is gone; Parker Pillsbury is broken down in health, and abroad; Frederick Douglass lends his influence to our enemies and pulls down while he builds up; Lucy Stone has been transferred to another field, and now Cyrus Burleigh, our faithful and true friend, whose industry knew no faltering, and whose zeal never flagged—he, too, has gone, and we have none to take his place. These thoughts are truly saddening.

And yet, thank God, our cause moves bravely forward; and here and everywhere are seen evidences of its steady progress toward a great triumph. Politics, the Press, Literature, the Pulpit and everything that reflects public sentiment, shows that Opinion in this country on the subject of slavery is undergoing a rapid and radical revolution. Just look at Congress! The agitation of the question is no longer confined to the noisy, disorderly House; it is transferred to the conservative and (comparatively) dignified Senate. The talent of that body and its statesmanship is on the side of Freedom. The advocates of Liberty there are not only strong in intellect and character, but they are growing formidable in numbers. The recent elections have done much in the way of reenforcing the anti-slavery strength of the Senate. The slaveholding bullies show their appreciation of this fact by their more respectful and subdued tone. The election of Wilson, Seward, Durkee and Trumbull is a most encouraging sign of the advance of our cause. The reelection of Mr. Seward, considering the circumstances and manner of it, in connection with the character and extraordinary ability of the man, I regard as one of the most cheering events, of a political nature, that has happened in the last six years. The election of Mr. Wilson was also very gratifying; but, though he makes more profession than Mr. Seward, he is not a man of either the ability or, I fear, the *reliability*.

We did a good thing, we think, in this State, in defeating the election of Simon Cameron (I mean by *we* those who did it, whoever that pronoun may include). Yet, Simon came out "flat-footed," as the graceful phrase is, in favour of the most extreme political Abolition. But it was too late; it was for a purpose; there was no sincerity in it; at least, very few had any faith in the thing, and he was defeated. His friends are making desperate efforts, I understand, to reconsider the vote by which the election was postponed till October, with a view to still carrying their point at this session; but there is but little probability of their succeeding.

We had a slave case here the other day, in which our Mayor acted very creditably. A woman eloped from New Orleans with a free white man (an Irishman, to the credit of his country, be it said), who took a deep interest in her welfare, and who was willing to peril his life for her sake. They took passage in a vessel bound for Philadelphia. The flight of the couple was discovered, and requisitions were sent on from the Executive of Louisiana, one of which was directed to the Police Department of Philadelphia. Descriptions were given, at the same time, of the party and the manner of their escape; and, with these descriptions and this authority, one or more (I do not know how many) of our Philadelphia policemen boarded the vessel, and arrested the man and the woman, putting the latter in the prison at Newcastle, as a fugitive slave, and bringing the former to Philadelphia, and incarcerating him here, on the charge of being a fugitive from justice. As soon as the facts were known, Passmore Williamson, the vigilant and indefatigable Secretary of the old Abolition Society, wrote to a friend of the Governor, at Harrisburg, to use his influence to prevent the granting of a warrant on the Louisiana Governor's requisition; being well assured that the charge of crime was only a slaveholding *ruse* to get possession of and punish one who had interfered in an obnoxious way with their institution. Mr. Williamson's letter had come too late. Governor Pollock, not suspecting the trick (he will be wiser the next time) had granted the warrant, and the successful applicant had returned to Philadelphia to execute it. But "all's not lost that is in danger." The next morning, the papers contained the following note, which will explain itself:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Phila., March 6th, 1855.

MR. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Dear Sir:* With the kindest feelings for you personally, and with great respect for your character as an officer, it is proper that I should inform you that if you act as the agent of Louisiana to return Warwick, charged with encouraging the escape of a fugitive slave from that State, I will consider it my duty to discharge you immediately from the police service of this city.

Yours, respectfully, R. T. CONRAD, Mayor.

This, of course, blocked the whole game. The next day, David Paul Brown and some one else had the man brought out on *habeas corpus*, and, no one appearing against him, he was discharged from custody. The woman, poor soul, did not fare so well. A letter before me from Thomas Garrett, who was written to by Mr. Williamson on the subject, says:

"—— Immediately on hearing the case, I took a lawyer and went over to Newcastle, but she was gone. They had had her before the Commissioner, early in the morning, who granted a certificate, and she was put on board a vessel bound from Philadelphia for New Orleans, soon after sunrise. I am sorry I could do nothing to aid the woman."

This was bad; but there is some comfort in having a Mayor who will talk to his officers in the style of the above note. I hope this will be the last case in which our Police department will be disgraced by its officers turning slave-catchers, either within or without the bounds of their jurisdiction.

We had hoped to have Theodore Parker to lecture for us, in the course of this month, but the postponement of his trial before the Boston Court till April makes it doubtful whether we shall have the pleasure of hearing him here before May. He is expected in another part of the State during that month, and, if he should come, he will probably kill two birds with one stone, by taking that occasion to speak for us in Philadelphia, as he passes through. Yours ever truly, M.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10th, 1855.

"Early hath the Spoiler found thee,
Brother of our love."

"DIED, on Wednesday, the 7th instant, at Sunnyside, Chester County, CYRUS M. BURLEIGH, aged 35 years. His friends and those of the family are invited to attend his funeral this day, 10th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M., from No. 293 Race st."

To many readers of the *Public Ledger*, the above announcement, among a number of others of the same melancholy tenor, each of which brings sorrow and mourning into some household, may convey no further idea than that a man in what is usually denominated the "prime of life" has mysteriously passed away; for are not both life and death *mysteries?* Who he was—what he was—to what end the working portion of those 35 years had been devoted and how successfully he laboured in his vocation, are facts they have not been able to discern in the busy whirl of life, where fashion and necessity are engaged in a continued struggle; and to "keep up appearances" is deemed of more importance than to study or practice justice and mercy. Not so, however, with the victims of an unholy prejudice against *colour*, who always found in him an eloquent defender. Not so with the small but faithful band of reformers who have striven, for long years, and, step by step, have been advancing to the consummation of their wishes—the suppression of Slavery and Intemperance (those two giant evils which have so long been recognised as "cherished institutions" in our land)—for they have lost an able and faithful coadjutor. "The harvest is great and the labourers are few," and well may we sorrow when one who never faltered or lingered at the work is taken from our midst in the hey-day of his usefulness. Our faith in the truth and justice of our cause may assure us that the wants of the time will produce the men which the emergency requires, and that, if we are true to our trust, the needful help will not be withheld, yet must we mourn that an earnest labourer in the work of humanity has been called away in the noon hour of life, before he could behold the result of his toil. He who has guided the plough and assisted in sowing the good seed has not been permitted to see the fullness of the harvest, excepting as the eye of faith may penetrate the veil of the future and explore its unwritten history. The yearnings of many a believer in spiritual association with mundane struggles will be ready, in fond and earnest adjuration, to say,

"Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us,
Sometimes, on our way?"

Congress *has* adjourned, and we breathe more freely, from the fact that such another can scarcely ever occupy their places, though they did not accomplish all the mischief which they attempted, as the Senate Bill for annulling the rights of the *free* States, by placing every scoundrel who violated law, under a Marshal's or Commissioner's warrant, beyond the fear of punishment in the State Courts, failed to pass the House. That degradation we have not yet been required to submit to, though we owe no thanks to that concentrated extract of despotism, the United States Senate, for the respite.

President Pierce's *veto* of the Collins appropriation should satisfy the New York speculators that if they wish to operate successfully, they should invest in *Texan bonds, Florida claims*, or even in *Cuban scrip—anything* which has the endorsement of slavery upon it—in preference to projects merely calculated to stimulate the enterprise or gratify the appetite for "treasury pap" of residents on the wrong side of Mason and Dixon's line. The key to the National funds is in the hands of the guardians of the "peculiar institution," and the "preservation of the Union" is the *open sesame* by which free admission to the treasure is obtained; therefore, unless the *Express, Herald, Journal of Commerce*, and others of the same genus, can get up some new device for *Saving the Union*, I fear they will have to succumb to the necessity which the recent exposé of the Congress of American diplomats at Ostend has made so apparent of hoarding all our resources for the acquisition of Cuba—peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. Those representatives of the Slave Power first put the question, "Does Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endanger our *internal* peace and the existence of our cherished Union?" and answer it themselves, by saying: "Indeed, the Union can never enjoy repose, nor possess reliable security, as long as Cuba is not embraced within its boundaries." Perhaps the country may not concur in sentiment with Messrs. Buchanan, Mason and Soulé, who contend that Cuba, from its *proximity*, is dangerous to our peace, though it is no part of this continent, and yet have not discovered that much closer proximity of *foreign territory* on the North and East of the Union requires that *it* should be embraced within our boundaries, although it does sorely annoy and distress the "powers that be," by giving a refuge and protection to that description of "property" which exhibits, too frequently, for the interests of its owner, an inclination and power to govern and provide for itself, by crossing the "boundaries of our cherished Union" and abandoning all its glorious institutions. The stupid, ungrateful creatures! how can they be so ignorant and blind as to relinquish those happy homes in the sunny South, which so captivated the excellent and orthodox Dr. Adams? Nothing short of the doctrine of "total depravity" can account for such perversity, and Canada ought, by the argument of this Ministerial Congress, to be "embraced within our boundaries" in order that this practice, so disturbing to our "fraternal peace," might be "crushed out," as Caleb Cushing would say, and *do*, if he had the power.

Our Solons at Harrisburg are now at liberty to attend to the public wants in the way of legislation, having decided to defer the election of a United States Senator, to succeed Mr. Cooper, until the first Tuesday in October; or, in other words, until they ascertain how many of them are likely to be placed in nomination for reelection, and what may be their probable chances of success. Mr. Cameron could not secure the Anti-Nebraska vote, although his answers to their queries were, in managers' phrase, "All right," for, being an old and rather adroit politician, there was a lingering distrust of his sincerity, and the real anti-slavery sentiment was fearful that he might have new revelations of duty to the Union, or

Damn with faint praise,

when manly energetic effort was required in grappling with the giant abomination of our land in his stronghold, the United States Senate. Whether we shall fare better, remains to be tried; but the effort should be made to prevent any supple tool of the Oligarchy from representing the State of Pennsylvania, if possible. We have been sufficiently degraded; let us rise if we can.

We rejoice in the good works of your Mayor Wood, trusting that the influence may prove contagious, in which event we shall expect additional activity in our own municipal rulers, in ferreting out the dens of iniquity with which our city abounds; but while the grand National Crime finds defenders in the higher walks of life, and aid and comfort in the pulpits, the courts of law and the halls of legislation, it does appear too much like "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel" when our guardians of the public weal are active in prosecuting lottery-brokers, dram-shop keepers and prostitutes. It is but taking "tithe of mint and cummin," in comparison with the weightier matter of sending men and women back to slavery and holding them there, whilst punishing with fine and imprisonment all who attempt to give them aid or comfort in securing their inalienable rights. Still, we are rejoiced at every manifestation of progress towards good morals, believing that it will make the way more easy and the duty more apparent of universal freedom to all who are under the yoke of oppression. Will the Peruvian Minister near our government at Washington be any the more acceptable that his government has recently abolished slavery? I fear not, as every such step is a pointed rebuke of this "model republic" of ours. Nevertheless, the proximity of Peru is not sufficiently close to warrant Messrs. Soulé & Co. in urging its being embraced in our boundaries for the purpose of restoring the cherished institution.

Third Street has profited so much by the magnanimity of Congress in paying the debt of Texas that operators there, having an eye on the National Treasury, may be expected hereafter to be more devoted than ever to the Union and anxious for its preservation, for, like Oliver Twist, they are asking for *more;* and, though disappointed by the veto of the French Spoliation Bill, they will not lack for *claims* so long as money can be found wherewith to pay them, and will be perfectly satisfied that Texans should be paid a few millions for slaves escaping into Mexico, or any other equally honest demand from that quarter, if they can but pocket half the profits. If conscience should enter a demurer, they might silence her by giving a tithe to the Church, or, better still, by a contribution for the support of the poor, who, unfortunately for themselves and their fellow-citizens, are too numerous at this time.

In connection with this subject, it may be proper, to silence calumny which has so often asserted that our prisons and Alms-Houses were filled with the "miserable free niggers," to state that, of the population of that institution, numbering upwards of twenty-five hundred, three-fourths are foreigners, and of the residue only about one-fourth are coloured people. So the defenders of human chattelism cannot, with truth, take much comfort to themselves from this exhibit, contradicting, as it does, their oft-repeated assertions that "freedom to the coloured man is nothing but dooming him to the Alms-house or prison," for the latter shows no greater proportion of this class than the former, well-filled as our prisons are.

We came very near having a "fugitive slave case" on hand, but masters of vessels who wish to make visits and prosecute trade in *Southern ports* now take the precaution of landing their unregistered passengers at Newcastle, instead of bringing them up to our city, which is, perhaps, as well, and saves us the humiliation of acknowledging that, in the State of William Penn, we are impotent to save from being returned to the *inferno* of our Union any poor woman who may attempt to secure by flight that right which our Magna Charta declares to be inalienable.

Having been absent from the city, I am not in possession of the name, age and particulars of the poor creature who is now on her return to the tender mercies of her Mississippi or Louisiana master, but may observe that a man named Warwick was taken into custody and imprisoned, on his arrival in this city (who was passenger in the same vessel), on the charge of aiding and abeting, or in inciting to and suggesting the ways and means for, the escape of the said piece of dissatisfied property.

One of Mayor Conrad's policemen volunteered his services to convey the prisoner to any Southern State which might see proper to demand him of our Executive for trial for this heinous offence, but Mr. Samuel Johnson (no relative of the great Lexicographer, nor of yours, friend Oliver, I ween) was informed by his Honour the Mayor that, if he departed the city engaged in the service of another State, his name should be stricken from the roll of policemen, which announcement would have been more bitterly felt by the said Sam and his Southern employers, had not the man, Warwick, sued out a *habeas corpus*, and, on hearing before the Supreme Court, been discharged from custody, no one daring to appear against him, when it was known evidence of guilt would be required in order to hold the man. We could have wished that the Mayor had as promptly discharged this policeman as he did another for simply declining to procure his hat at the shop designated by his Honour, and can only hope that in time he may be able to discover that the enslavement of women and the persecution of those who sympathize with their sufferings is as grave an offence against humanity as to demur at the form of a police hat is against executive dignity.

You have, doubtless, observed the last item of news respecting one who has laboured so hard to make himself famous as to have become almost *infamous*. I allude to our late United States Senator who, it is now announced, is to take the place of Colonel Kinney in the *Nicaragua Colonization Society*, or by whatever name the exploded fillibustering expedition is hereafter to be known. Having doffed its military character and chosen Mr. Cooper for its President, it is to be presumed the design is to accomplish by treachery, instead of force, the acquisition of the country, and we may as well be prepared for some new "annexation" scheme under the auspices of the "great rejected." It will be quite as necessary as Cuba, and the same arguments will apply to either case —*proximity* and *security*. NEMO.

COMPENDIUM OF THE UNITED STATES CENSUS.—We are not sure to whom, among the members of Congress, we are indebted for a copy of the Compendium of the Seventh United States Census, compiled and published, by order of that body, by J. D. B. De Bow, Superintendent. For, most purposes it is far more convenient than the large volume embracing all the details of the census returns, and the Senator or Representative who was so courteous as to supply us with a copy has our hearty thanks.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Correspondence of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Feb. 6, 1855.

EXCUSE my remissness in furnishing you with the report of the meeting held here, some days ago, to form an Anti-Slavery Society. I am so occupied with caring for "the meat that perisheth," that I have but very little time to devote to the cause of Anti-Slavery. The fact is, here, as in every new country, it takes nearly all of our time to protect ourselves from the inclemencies of the season, and moral enterprises are obliged to be laid aside temporarily. I suppose this will seem to you rather strange language from one who has made such flaming pretensions to Anti-Slavery as your correspondent has. But, to be able to triumph completely over *all* exterior circumstances requires a greater exertion of the philosophical spirit than I possess. If you could look in upon us a moment, some cold day, you would realize a few of our difficulties in the way of writing letters. Once, the only conveniences I could obtain for that employment were the smooth side of a wash-board, that lay upon my knees, with a candle, dripping its grease on all sides, placed on one corner of the portable desk, beneath which was a little straw to protect my feet from the cold ground. The least movement on the part of one of my comrades, who were wedged in the circle some 20 of us had formed around a stove, filled with green chips, would precipitate the light into the straw beneath us. The wind swept through the interstices of the straw and cotton covering, and blew our candle almost out, besides stirring the hay-roof admirably. I say, if you could see us under such circumstances, with our hats and great coats on, while the little children were crying for exercise to keep up a little heat in their chilled bodies, and the noble women were cheering us all, while they themselves were dressed in bonnets and shawls, you would not blame us for not writing oftener. The above is no fancy sketch, but a true description of my situation, while living in one of the splendid tenements erected by the noble Emigrant Aid Company of Boston.

But let not the enemy, who is seeking to curse our fair domain with the hideous presence of Slavery, suppose that "tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness" shall separate us (entirely) from the love of Christ's brother, the poor imbruted slave. No; the cold winds may penetrate our dwellings, and the wintry rains may drench us through, as, during the silent watches of the night, we endeavour to "rest in sleep"; but within our hearts there still burns the bright flame of Anti-Slavery. Poverty may be our bosom friend, but we will not altogether forget the still poorer slave. Sickness may unnerve our spirits, but we will remember the probable fate of the sick slave, who will be forced to his unwelcome task, when his weary limbs almost fail to bear him up, if slavery is introduced here.

The nearness of the approaching session of the Legislature of Kansas has aroused the dormant spirit of our anti-slavery, and induced us to adopt measures for the salvation of the fairest land North of the talismanic line, over which slavery hitherto has not been allowed to extend.

We have formed a "Kansas Free State Society," the object of which is stated in the following extract from the preamble to the Constitution of the Society:

"Whereas, according to the provisions of that (the Nebraska) bill, 'all questions pertaining to Slavery in the Territories, and in the new States to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the *decision of the people* residing therein'; therefore, we, the inhabitants of Kansas, one of the Territories above mentioned, do form ourselves into a Society, for the purpose of *disseminating truth upon the subject of slavery, so as to prevent, if possible, its introduction into our fair domain.*"

Do you perceive any compromise of principle in the above preamble? And yet I have been abused for defending the adoption of this comprehensive platform, in lieu of a more radical one. Allow me to explain the reasons for our preference for this to a more ultra creed for our Free State party. Slavery is hated by a majority of the people in the Territory, as I told you in my last letter, not so much on account of its sinfulness as for divers others reasons, one of which is that "niggers" may be kept out of our sight, as our ideality would be shocked with witnessing the contrast between the beautiful face of prairie Nature and the awful countenance of the black man. We, the "Sovereign Squatters" of Kansas, are men of great taste, and of unusual refinement; therefore, no blacker object than the burnt ground upon which we travel after the autumnal fires will be tolerated here. Now, to expect such fastidious men as these to ignore the divinity of the Bible, and to add to their hatred of the black man a belief in the inherent sinfulness of slavery, would be rather absurd, for the "Sovereigns" do not believe slavery to be sinful, but simply impolitic. Do you blame me, then, for publicly opposing the adoption of a creed that will drive nine-tenths of the "Free State" men from us? You must remember that our New England emigration is nothing, in point of numbers, in comparison with that from other States, except in Lawrence. The "outsiders," even in this district, outnumber the whole of the votes of Lawrence, by a large majority, as is supposed. Now, what shall we do? Form a radical Anti-Slavery Society, among the very few Abolitionists in the Territory, and confine our labours to the slow work of indoctrinating men into the very first principles of Anti-Slavery? Or, adopt Christ's advice, and be "wise as serpents," and endeavour to secure the cooperation of *all* opposed to the introduction of slavery into Kansas?

This latter course is the one adopted at the large meeting assembled in this place, Feb. 1st, to consider the subject of forming a "Free State" Society. Much was said in favour of a more ultra course, but common sense at length triumphed over what some few ultras were pleased to term principle, but what, in reality, was nothing but the offspring of an attempt to place the new Society in the hands of a very few persons, for party purposes, as I really believe. One of the "ultras" has since declared his intention of voting for a slave State, because the ultra ground was not taken. Of course, the pro-slavery Missourians would be glad to have us adopt the ultra ground, for it would render our success utterly impossible, and insure theirs. I have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of Mr. Elliot, the editor of the *Free State*, but I believe his judgment was imperceptibly warped by personal attachments. The fact is, common sense must be used in making this Territory a Free State. The enemy abounds in it, and why should not we avail ourselves of its potent power?

Three agents have been appointed to lecture and obtain funds for the Society, one of whom has now gone to Ohio for this purpose.

It now remains to form an ultra Abolition Society for permanent purposes. The "Free State" Society will die with the success or defeat of its partial object, which will be in a few years, while an Anti-Slavery Society will continue its labours as long as the foul monster, Slavery, curses any part of this Union, or even of the world.

I will endeavour to fulfil my promise to keep you "posted up" in regard to the Anti-Slavery cause, better than I have done, for there will be something, probably, to make it an object to pay the post for carrying the news to you.

Yours for the slave, C. STEARNS.

A TENDER-HEARTED SLAVE-CATCHER.—The Boston correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "According to Mr. Dana's account, Judge Loring used Mr. Burns in the tenderest possible manner, sending him back to stripes and bondage in the most approved style, and with all regard to his feelings that circumstances would allow. I have no doubt that Mr. Burns felt as happy as a captive in the hands of a Fejee Islander, who should be assured by his captor that he should be roasted scientifically, and eaten with none but the best sauce. And yet people call the judge harsh!"

PUGILISTIC PIETY.—"Bill Poole," a noted pugilist and rowdy, a keeper of a drinking-house and gambling saloon, died, last week, of a wound inflicted by another pugilist, some days before, in a notorious drunkery in Broadway. The details of the fight are too shocking to be repeated unnecessarily, though it is only fair to say that Pool's conduct was far less brutal than that of his assailant. Both, however, were professional fighters and gamblers, and each the head of a party whose violence and brutality have long been the terror of peaceable citizens. Soon after the death of Poole, his former cronies and backers held a meeting and adopted resolutions so redolent of the popular piety that one might suppose they had been concocted by an assembly of Divines, weeping over the remains of a saintly brother. Here they are:

"Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst (using the hand of an assassin) our friend and esteemed associate, the late Wm. Poole, therefore,

"Resolved, That this assemblage of friends, not only of the deceased but of his sorrow-stricken family, do at once resolve themselves into an organized body, to be known hereafter as the "Poole Association"—the object of which organization shall be to cooperate with other friends in paying a just tribute of respect to his earthly remains by following them to the grave, and, after so interred, to erect a suitable tablet of respect over the same.

"Resolved, That we do proffer our heart-felt sympathies to the bereaved relatives of our deceased friend, sincerely praying that He who removed from their circle the doting son, affectionate husband, devoted father and uncompromising friend, will, in His providential mercy, provide for and restore peace, health and happiness to the afflicted family."

Is not piety like this delectable? The assumption that the pugilist was "removed" from the scenes of earth by "the Supreme Ruler of the Universe," who "*used* the hand of an assassin" to effect his purpose, is worthy of those eminently pious Divines who regard slavery as an ordination of Providence and a means of grace and salvation! Indeed, we might well suspect that this congregation of rowdies had been studying the productions of Drs. Lord, Adams and Spring, imbibing therefrom the piety which makes their resolutions so fragrant and refreshing to saintly susceptibilities.

THE *Woman's Advocate* (of Philadelphia) is hereby informed that we have quite as little inclination as space for a controversy with it respecting the motives which lead it to ignore the very question which, upon its own showing, stands related to the cause it advocates as "the solid mason-work foundation of a temple" is related to the "superstructure." Its indignant denial that it has ever "attacked" the advocates of equal suffrage, and its vehement proclamation of its willingness to "print the proceedings of their Conventions, and their communications," are alike gratuitous, inasmuch as we have never accused it of doing the one or refusing to do the other. The point at issue between us is very simple, and no amount of incoherent wordiness upon irrelevant points will divert us therefrom. The *Advocate* admits that it "has not mooted" the question of suffrage "at all, either way"; which is exactly what we said of it, neither more nor less, and what *we* regard as a "temporizing and half-way policy." If the *Advocate* thinks itself wise in working upon the "superstructure" and neglecting the "foundation," and candid in characterizing those who reverse this order of labour as "*clamouring* for the legal and political rights of woman," we have no desire to disturb its self-complacency. The world is wide—let it go its way. The work it proposes to do is in itself good, and we wish it abundant success therein, with less sensitiveness to criticism and a greater degree of candour toward those who dissent from its opinions.

NEW YORK OBSERVER.—Mr. Garrison, in his Tabernacle lecture, put the *New York Herald* and the *New York Observer*, side by side, into the category of curses, from which the North would find relief in a dissolution of the Union. The sentiment elicited a faint hiss, which was immediately silenced in general and hearty applause. It was not Mr. Garrison's "infidelity," so-called, that prompted this classification, for the sentiment is shared by men as eminent for orthodoxy as for anti-slavery. The *Free Presbyterian*, an Old School Calvinistic journal, after copying the resolution of the Des Moines River (Iowa) Association, rebuking the *Observer* for its pro-slavery character and course and refusing to receive it even as a *gratuity*, makes its own commentary, as follows:

"The above is judicious action. If we were compelled to have either *Bennett's Herald* or the *N. Y. Observer* read in our family, and were allowed a choice between them, we should certainly choose the former. Both are Satanic. But in the *Observer* the Satan appears in the garb of an Angel of light. In the *Herald* he stands revealed with horns and hoofs, in native ugliness. In the latter guise his influence is much less dangerous than in the former."

And yet the *Observer* has a larger circulation than any other religious newspaper in the land, saving only the Methodist *Advocate and Journal*, falsely called *Christian!* These two journals reflect, more truly than any others, the popular and fashionable piety of the country—a piety as unlike that of Jesus and his Apostles as the whips and chains of an American plantation are unlike the light and love and liberty of Heaven!

HON. CHARLES SUMNER.—This worthy representative of Massachusetts in the United States Senate gave us a call at the Anti-Slavery Office, one day last week, on his return from Washington. We spent an hour very agreeably in conversation with him upon the present aspects of the cause of Freedom, as viewed from the Washington standpoint. Widely as we differ from Mr. Sumner on some points, we admire him for his fidelity to his own convictions no less than for his eloquence; and we were glad to find him full of encouragement and hope in view of the progress of the cause. The tone of feeling among the slaveholders, as exhibited in Congress, is far less arrogant than in former years, while the friends of freedom are greatly cheered by the signs of the times.

We take this opportunity to state that Mr. Sumner, not many days hence, will deliver, at the Tabernacle, in this city, a Lecture upon "The Necessity, Practicability and Dignity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, with Glimpses at the Practical Duties of the Free States." He will deliver the same Lecture in Boston, Worcester and New Haven, and, probably, also, in various places in the interior of this State.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The memorial of 30,000 coloured citizens of Philadelphia, asking for the same right of suffrage they enjoyed for 47 years, prior to the adoption of the present Constitution in 1838, has been presented to the Legislature. The paper is well written, and forcible in its arguments, and, we presume, was drawn forth by the introduction of a bill into the Legislature to give to that class the right to vote, under certain restrictions. They claim to number 30,000 persons in Philadelpaia; to possess $2,685,693 of real and personal estate; to have paid $9,776 42 for taxes during the past year, and $396,782 27 for house, water and ground rents, and to possess something more than brute instinct. Copies of this pamphlet have been laid upon the desks of the members.

COMPENDIUM OF HYGEINE: Compiled for the use of the Winsted Hygeinic Association. By LUCIUS MILLS, Physician to the Association. Sold by Fowlers & Wells.

This work presents important elementary truths in a manner at once brief and intelligible. Those who have neither the inclination nor the leisure to study more elaborate treatises will find here those simple directions in respect to health and disease, a knowledge of which would save them from many of the pains and ills to which all are more or less exposed.

JOSHUA HUTCHINSON informs us that it is his intention to visit his friends in Chester Co., Pa., next week, for the purpose of giving musical entertainments in various localities.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The returns received in this city, from two-thirds of the State, leave little room for doubt that the coalition of Free Soilers, Whigs and anti-Administration Democrats, under the name of Know-Nothings, has swept the State, electing the Governor, three members of Congress (the whole delegation), and a large majority in both branches of the Legislature. Whatever may be said of the triumphant party, there is consolation in the fact that Franklin Pierce is repudiated by his own State, and that John P. Hale is likely to secure a seat in the United States Senate.

VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.—Our thanks are due to the Hon. THOMAS DAVIS, of Rhode Island, for a volume, published by order of Congress, containing Part I. of Lieut. Herndon's Report of the Expedition, sent out under direction of the Navy Department, to Explore the Valley of the Amazon. The work contains various illustrations and is accompanied by several valuable maps.

Summary.

DELAWARE has enacted a Prohibitory Liquor LAW, to take effect on the first of June. It is not quite as stringent as those of some other States.

Nassau Hall, in Princeton, N. J., was destroyed completely by fire on Sunday evening. The students lost their furniture, books, clothing, &c. Cause of the fire unknown. Loss $50,000. Insured for $15,000.

LOSS OF COL. BENTON'S MANUSCRIPTS.—The house of Thomas H. Benton, in Washington, was destroyed by fire on the 27th ult., and all his important manuscripts, including the materials for the second volume of his "Thirty Years in the Senate," consumed.

A contemporary noticing that Martin F. Tupper has offered a gold medal "for the encouragement of literature in Liberia," remarks that "he has done so much for the degradation of literature in England, that he ought to make some amends."

We learn from the correspondence of Norton's *Literary Gazette* that a German translation of the works of Dr. Channing has just been completed by F. A. Schulze and Dr. A. Sydow, of Berlin. The whole is divided into two great parts—religious writings and social writings; and these are again divided into fifteen smaller collections or groups, either one of which may be bought separately. The cost of the whole work is 6 thalers 17 groschens.

POLITENESS.—While the rain poured in torrents, the umbrella of a gentleman struck the hat of another standing on the sidewalk, and knocked it into the gutter, where it filled with water. The owner picked up his hat and coolly asked:

"What do you ask for that?"

"I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman; which so well suited the owner of the wet beaver, that no further parley was necessary.

THEOLOGICAL.—Two juvenile disputants, a day or two since, in our hearing, discussed as follows:

"I tell you, God is everywhere."

"He ain't, neither."

"I know better; my mother says so."

"Don't care if she does. He ain't in that wire (pointing up to the telegraph), cos that ain't *holler!*"

This rather staggered his little reverence for a moment; but, ere a minute had elapsed, a triumphant smile lit up his face, as he responded:

"Well, I don't care—*He is all around it!*"

AN INCIDENT.—A clergyman, who officiates not a hundred miles from here, noticing the drowsy state into which some of his congregation had fallen, stopped in the middle of his sermon on Sabbath afternoon last, and, after a few words in explanation of his course, gave out a hymn for the choir to sing. It may well be supposed that every one present was wide awake by the time the last peal of the organ died away, and, after a recapitulation of what had gone before, the minister proceeded with his discourse. —*N. Bridgewater (Mass.) Gazette*, 7th.

Upon the post mortem examination of the body of Bill Poole, the pugilist, who was recently killed in New York, it was ascertained that the ball entered the breast between the fifth and sixth rib, perforating the wall of the chest, extending through the periœardium, and *was found buried in the centre of the heart*. The appearance of the heart, when taken out, indicated no bruise, although it was covered with inflammatory matter, and somewhat enlarged. It is remarkable that Poole should have lived nearly a fortnight with such a wound, during which time hopes were entertained of his recovery.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.—At the supper of the Mechanics' Apprentices Library Association on Thursday evening, Mr. Thomas Drew, of the Worcester *Spy*, in replying to a toast of the press, stated that he had seen a machine in operation which, when it becomes known, is destined to have more effect on mechanics than any other subject now before the people; and which is said to take the lead of any motive power now known. An engine of 5 or 6 horse power could be maintained at an expense of six cents per day, and could be taken care of by a child of seven years of age, without danger; doing away entirely with the expense of fuel. The description of the above will probably be given to the public during the coming week.—*Boston Bee.*

A HEART-FELT SENTIMENT INOPPORTUNELY EXPRESSED.—A large and brilliant party was given in a fashionable circle, a few weeks since, not a hundred miles from our metropolis, and the festivities were kept up to so late an hour that the fair hostess became completely wearied out. Some fifteen minutes after the lady supposed the last of her guests had left, she walked into the supper-room, where the gas had been turned down, and gave vent to her wearied spirit by ejaculating—"thank God, they are all *stuffed and gone!*" "Not quite all," squeaked out a voice, "I have returned to find an ear-ring which I supposed was dropped while at the supper-table!" The hostess's chagrin can be better imagined than described, when, on turning round, she discovered one of her nearest fashionable neighbours!—*Boston Post.*

REDEEMED SLAVES IN THE HOUSE.—Solomon Northup, of New York, who spent twelve years, as a slave, on the Red River, and Ida May, the little redeemed slave, from Washington, were in the Hall of the House to-day for a short time, and excited much sympathy and interest. The little girl has no feature which indicates any negro origin. Her eyes sparkled just like those of any other little girl when she saw the big Cod-fish hanging in the Hall.

It will be remembered that Solomon Northup was a freeman in the State of New York, and was induced to go to the city of Washington as a driver of a carriage, and when there was drugged and put into a slave pen, and sold South, where he was held and worked as a slave nearly twelve years. His deliverance was, in some respects, a most interesting and wonderful event.—*Bost. Tel.*, 10th.

WHAT ALL BOYS MAY COME TO.—The Boston *Post* reports a speech lately made by one of the new Know-Nothing Councilors of Massachusetts, during an official visit to the Almshouse, at East Bridgewater. The *Post* observes, "it stirs the blood like a toddy-stick":

"Boys! I want you all to look at me. Look directly at me, for I am going to say something to you. How many of you would like to be *members of the Governor's Council?* Now, if you will only do what is right, at all times, and never steal, nor lie, nor swear, you may all rise, some day, to eminent stations. I was once a poor boy myself, but I always calculated to do what was right. I never would steal, or lie, or use bad language. I was apprenticed in my youth, but I have now become *one of the Governor's Council!* Now, boys, never let me hear of your doing anything wrong. Always do what is right; never cheat, or steal, or lie, or swear, and *you* may become a *great man!*"

A FACT FOR GEN. HOUSTON.—It was said boastingly by Gen. Houston, in his recent lecture in this city, on slavery, to prove the contentment and happiness of the slaves, that he never knew a slave to commit suicide. If this paragraph meets the General's eye, he will not have occasion again to make the same statement. A recent copy of the *New Orleans Delta* contains an account of

Miscellaneous Department.

SIC VITA.

"At the east end of this aisle (church of St. Mary Overy, London) stands a monument, a portion of whose inscription consists of the first verse of the following beautiful poem, which is thought, and with some probability, to be the production of Quarles."—*Annals of St. Mary Overy, by W. Taylor, p.* 99.

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done!
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's just begun,
Or like a bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here; is there; in life; in death!
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death! man's life is done.

Like to a bubble on a brook,
Or (in a mirror) like a look,
Or like a shuttle in the hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream;
E'en such is man, whose life is breath,
Is here; is there; in life; in death!
The bubble 's burst; the look 's forgot;
The shuttle 's flung; the writing 's blot;
The thought is past; the dream is gone;
The water glides—man's life is done!

We are permitted to publish the following interesting letter from JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, written about the time he left College, sixty-eight years ago. The gentleman to whom it was addressed, the late DR. OLIVER FISKE, of Worcester, Mass., was highly esteemed, in after life, as a physician of eminence in that part of the country, possessed some political distinction in his day, and was very widely known as a horticulturist, when that science had received much less attention, in this country, than of later years. The letter, for which we are indebted to a grandson of Dr. Fiske, has never before been published.

NEWBURYPORT, Jan. 31st, 1788.

DEAR FISKE: On the morning ensuing the day which closed the scene of our academical drama, I had mounted my horse, and was going out of the college yard, leaving, with an heavy heart, the abode of friendship and of the Muses, when one of those classmates whose friendship had tended to render that moment peculiarly affecting took me by the hand, and while his last farewell increased the poignancy of my feelings, the promise of a friendly epistolary correspondence in some measure tempered the keenness of my sensations, and supported my depressed spirits. Who this person was, I am sure it will not be necessary for me to tell you; for I know your feelings at that time were so similar to mine, that the impression made by that circumstance cannot yet be obliterated from your mind.

Yet, pleasing as the idea of a frequent communication by writing was, it has not yet been put into execution. On my part, I have neglected writing in hopes that a letter from you would furnish me with a subject for reply, and perhaps the same idea has been the means of silencing your pen: if that be the case, I hope this letter will put a period to the inattention with which we are both chargeable, and that the interest which I trust we mutually feel for the welfare of each other may not be merely an useless sentiment of the heart, but an effectual principle of action.

My situation is agreeable. Mr. Parsons is just the instructor that my wishes could have formed in every branch of Science; he is a proficient, and his law learning is astonishing. He is very fond of communicating his knowledge, and is able to give satisfactory answers to any questions a student can propose. I have three fellow-students in the office—Townsend, Amory and Thompson. With Thompson I am very intimate; he is a young fellow of very good abilities, rather eccentric in his manners and conversation; but his singularity is to me very agreeable; he is friendly, generous and good-natured, possessed of a very good fund of information, and uncommonly sensible, though, perhaps, rather too fond of disputation; but, as I am quite as faulty in that respect as he, it very seldom happens that we differ. Amory, you know, at least by reputation. His natural talents are extraordinary, and his improvements much greater than could be expected from the dissipated life which he has been used to lead. His disposition is as amiable as that of his cousin, our classmate, and as a companion I know nobody more agreeable. They will both be sworn in at the Court of Common Pleas, in about six weeks from this, and will then immediately leave the town. I shall regret their absence exceedingly, particularly that of Townsend, from whom I am almost inseparable. Thompson you well know. Delicacy of sentiment, solidity of judgment, and openness of disposition, are some of the characteristics which endear him to me. Soon after I came here, he engaged to keep one of the town schools, for a year; and it employs so much of his time, that I have not enjoyed not so much of his company as I should have wished; but the more I am acquainted with him, the stronger my friendship grows, and I anticipate many of the happiest moments I shall pass in this town as being derived from my acquaintance with him. Out of the office my intimacy with young fellows is very contracted.

I need but to mention the name of Mr. Little, to express the satisfaction I have in being an inhabitant of the same town with him. He is studying with Dr. Swett, as he himself has informed you, and I do not doubt but he will be as respectable in the profession as he was as a scholar at College. We frequently see each other, in the same sociable, unceremonious manner in which we formally visited at our respected chambers; and, in our conversations, we frequently recur to those scenes, which are still fresh in our minds, and some of which time itself will not efface from our recollection. Putnam, too, is in town, studying law with Mr. Bradbury, and we are quite friendly and sociable. He is quite a favourite among the ladies here, and it is shrewdly hinted about that his heart is in jeopardy. He is, however, very attentive to his studies, and, for the time that he has been in town, has read more law than I have. Indeed, this proves nothing in his favour, for I have become an idle fellow. "Much study," says the wise man, "is a weariness to the flesh," and I am really of that opinion; my nerves, for two or three months past, have been somewhat disordered, and my mind has been totally incapable of much application.

The Federal Constitution, it seems, is at length, with infinite pains and difficulty, adopted in the Commonwealth. You, I presume, are a staunch Federalist, and, as such, will rejoice at this measure. It will, perhaps, surprise you that, from the first appearance of this system, I have been a strong *anti-Federalist*, though upon very different principles than those of your Worcester insurgents; and however dangerous the tendency of the plan may be, I am convinced that any further opposition to it at present would be productive of much greater evils. The Convention of New Hampshire are now sitting at Exeter, and the appearance is similar to that at the commencement of the session in this State; both sides have their hopes and their fears: but I think it probable the final effect will be favourable to the Constitution.

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

J. Q. ADAMS.

STATESMEN have scoffed at virtue, but so often has she avenged herself by bringing their counsels to naught.—*Bancroft.*

POPULAR POETRY OF MODERN GREECE.

From Prof. Felton's Notes to Smith's History of Greece.

At present the most characteristic feature in the poetry of the Greeks is the popular songs. Like the ancients, the present Hellenic race have a vein of natural poetry, which breaks out on all the occurrences of life—birth, death, separation, departure for a foreign country—in the most simple and unpremeditated style. A large proportion of these songs exist only on the lips of the people, most of them having never been reduced to writing at all. The first collection ever made was by Fauriel, published in 1824 and 1825, and the ballads excited great attention in Europe.

Goëthe, then the undisputed monarch of Continental literature, pronounced them the most genuine poetry of artless feeling and unsophisticated nature in our times. Since then, much has been added, commemorative of the events of the war, and several other collections have been made. It will not be long, however, before this period of popular poetry will have passed, and the dialects in which the songs are composed will have become, through the general diffusion of education, obsolete curiosities, for the research of the mousing antiquarian. They ought, therefore, to be at once placed beyond the reach of casualty.

The popular life, to which allusion has been made, includes that of the Klephts and Armatoles; life on the islands, as well as the mainland; life in the valleys, as well as on the mountains; and the poems which depict it run back indefinitely into the Turkish times. Love and marriage, funerals, feasts, the dying scene, the sorrow for absent love, the joys of victory and revenge, the fortitude which bears tortures without a groan, and the courage which defies and dauntlessly encounters an overwhelming array of foemen—these, and every feature in every scene of this popular Hellenic life, and every feeling of this simple, fresh Hellenic heart, are rhythmically embodied.

Among them we sometimes find strange echoes of old Greek poetry, still reverberating among the mountains. Charon, the ferryman of the Styx among the ancients, has become a mysterious minister of Death, hanging invisibly above the doomed, or sweeping like a storm over the mountains, on horseback, with the ghosts of the dead borne at his saddle-bow or marching at his side. The birds, whose voices and flight were full of omens to the ancients, and whose knowledge was proverbial, in modern poetry are endowed with speech and supernatural powers of vision, and often appear as colocutors in the abruptly changing dialogue. The measure in which most of these poems are composed is accented iambic, of fifteen syllables, without rhyme.

We close this sketch with a few short specimens on different subjects, carefully abstaining from adding ornaments, and translating them line for line, in the same rhythm as the original. The brevity and abruptness of the style, the rapidity of the narrative, and the racy symplicity of their dialectic peculiarities, can scarcely be reproduced in another language; and the charm they possess when read or heard in the open air on the mountains of Greece, in the midst of the life they embody, and the scenery that suggested their colouring, can scarcely be imagined where these accessories to the picture are wanting.

LOVE DETECTED.

Maiden, we kissed, but 'twas at night; and who think'st thou beheld us?
The night beheld, the morn beheld, the moon and star of evening;
The star dropped earthward from the sky, and told the sea the story;
The sea at once the rudder told; the rudder told the sailor;
The sailor sang it at the door, where sat his sweetheart listening.

Among the Klephts the passion of love was not looked upon with much favour, as appears by the following, entitled:

THE CAPTAIN IN LOVE.

"Conduct thee wisely, Nicholas, as well becomes a captain,
Nor with thy children be at strife, nor venture to insult them;
For they an evil plot have laid, resolving they will slay thee."
"Who is it with my children talks? who is it tells them stories?
Well! when the blooming spring shall come, and when shall come the summer,
To Xerolibada I go, and to our ancient quarters,
Thither I go to wed my love, to take a fair-haired maiden:
With golden coins I'll deck my love, with strings of pearls adorn her."
The Pallicars, they heard his words, and scornful was their anger,
Three shots they gave him all at once, and all the three were fatal.
"Down with the weakling fool!" they cried, "shoot down the worthless wanton!
From us he took the golden coins to win the fair-haired maiden.
Our fair-haired maid the pistol is, the sabre is our mistress."

The following describes the death-scene of a Klepht who, for a wonder, lived to old age, and died without being killed by a bullet. It combines, in a curious way, the strong contrasts and opposite feeling of the Klephtic character; it is a kind of compound of piety, powder, and simple love of nature. The hero of it is resolved, even after death, to have a shot now and then at the Turks. To understand its simple allusions, we must remember that such a family, living for the most part in the open air, would always select the bank of a running stream for their supper-table, and the sparkling water for their beverage.

THE DYING CHIEF.

The sun was setting in the west, when Demos gives his orders:
"Hasten, my children, to the brook, to eat your bread at evening;
And thou, Lampsakes, nephew mine, come, take thy seat before me.
Here! wear the arms that I now wear, and be a valiant captain;
And ye, my children, take my sword, deserted by its master,
And cut green branches from the tree, and spread a couch to rest me,
And hither bring the holy man, that he may haste to shrive me,
That I may tell him all the sins I ever have committed,
While thirty years an Armatole, and twenty-five a robber.
But now the conqueror Death has come, and I for Death am ready.
Build me a broad and spacious tomb, and let the mound be lofty,
That I may stand erect and fire, then stoop and load the musket;
And on the right hand of the tomb, a window leave wide open,
That swallows in their flight may come, the early spring announcing,
And nightingales, of lovely May, in morning song, may tell me.

The subject of the following is a dispute between Olympus and Kissavos—the ancient Ossa—on the right of precedence. The persons of the dialogue are the two rival mountains, an eagle, and the head of a slain warrior, each of whom has something characteristic to say. It is called

OLYMPUS AND KISSAVOS.

Olympus once, and Kissavos, two neighbouring mounts, contended
Which of the two the rain should pour, and which shed down the snow-storm:
And Kissavos pours down the rain, Olympus sheds the snow-storm.
Then Kissavos in anger turns, and speaks to high Olympus.

Kissavos.

Brow-beat me not, Olympus, thou by robber feet betrampled,
For I am Kissavos, the mount in far Larissa famous;
I am the joy of Turkestan, and of Larissa's Agas.

Olympus.

Ha! Kissavos! ha! renegade! thou Turk betrampled hillock.
The Turks they tread thee under foot, and all Larissa's Agas;
I am Olympus, he of old, renowned the world all over,
And I have summits forty-two, and two-and-sixty fountains,
And every fount a banner has, and every bough a robber,
And on my highest summit's top an eagle fierce is sitting,
And holding in his talons clutched a head of slaughtered warrior.

Eagle.

What has thou done, O head of mine, of what hast thou been guilty?
How came the chance about that thou art clutched within my talons?

Head.

Devour, O bird, my youthful strength, devour my manly valour,
And let thy pinion grow an ell, a span thy talon lengthen,
In Luros and Xeromeros I was an Armatole;
In Chasio and Olympus next, twelve years I was a robber;
And sixty Agas have I killed, and left their hamlets burning,
And all the Turks and Albanese that on the field of battle
My hand has slain, my eagle brave, are more than can be numbered,
But me the doom befell at last, to perish in the battle.

The following ballad commemorates the bravery of Tsamados,* representing him as returning after death, in the shape of a bird, to revisit Georgakes, a friend in arms, who expresses his wish to know what is passing at Mesolongi.

TSAMADOS.

I would I were a bird to fly and visit Mesolongi,
That I might see them wield the sword, and how they ply the musket;
How wage the war in Roumeli, her still unconquered vultures.
A bird then came, on golden wing, and said to me, in singing,
"Patience, Georgakes mine! if thou for Arab blood art thirsting,
Here, too, are Agarenes enow for even thee to slaughter.
Beholdest thou yon Turkish ships, now floating in the distance?
Charon is standing over them, and they shall burn to ashes."
My bird, where didst thou learn these things that thou to me art telling?
"I seem unto thine eyes a bird, but 'tis no bird thou seest;
For I the land opposite to Navarino's haven
I yielded up my latest breath, against the Moslem fighting.
I am Tsamados, from the tomb back to the world returning:
For though from heaven, where I dwell, I clearly can behold thee,
To come and see thee face to face my heart was ever longing."

*In May, 1825, Ibrahim Pacha attacked Palæo-Castro and the little island Sphacteria, with a powerful fleet and army. Mavrocordatos had rushed to their defence. He threw himself with his suite into the island, which was at the moment held by a brave young Hydriote captain named Tsamados, and a small body of soldiers and sailors. Fifteen hundred Arabs landed on the island, but met with a desperate resistance from Tsamados and his gallant band.

Tsamados was shot in the leg, but continued fighting on his knees until he was knocked down and killed. When this was known, the sailors, regaining their brig, on board which Mavrocordatos had already taken refuge, ran out through the Turkish fleet of thirty-four ships of war, and, having been exposed for more than four hours to their fire, escaped with riddled sails and rigging shot away, with two men killed and eight wounded. The surrender of Navarino followed; and not long after, the whole Morea, except the unconquerable Manotes, lay at the mercy of Ibrahim.

And what wouldst see among us now, in our unhappy country?
"Georgakes mine, be not downcast, nor lose thy manly courage;
If the Morea wars not now, the time again is coming
When they will fight like savage beasts, and chase away the foemen.
And blackened bones be strewn around the walls of Mesolongi,
And Souli's lions prowling there shall seize their prey exulting."
And then the bird resumed his flight, and mounted up to heaven.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH—SARAH ROGERS—MRS. MILNER GIBSON.

THE living links that unite us to the poets of the first half of the present century are fast disappearing from among us. This week has added another to the many that have gone. Dorothy Wordsworth, the only sister of William Wordsworth, died at Rydal Mount, in Westmoreland, on the 25th of January, in her eighty-fourth year. She was born on Christmas day, 1771, and from girlhood (though not from childhood) was the constant and chosen associate of her illustrious brother. Wordsworth was as fond of his sister as Charles Lamb was of his sister, and we know how touchingly Elia has exhibited his fondness for Mary Lamb. Mary Lamb lived single, so did Dorothy Wordsworth. Both had poetic tastes and sensibilities, both were fond of poety, and both suggested subjects to their respective brothers which have had a beneficial effect upon our literature. The contrast between the temper of Wordsworth and his sister is represented by the poet himself:

My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly;
A very hunter did *I* rush
Upon the prey;
But *she*, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

He loved her in earnest truth, and has rejoiced in verse that

The blessing of his later years
Was with him when a boy;

while he has characterized the nature of her influence upon him in four remarkable lines:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

She delighted in Chaucer and in Spenser; caught, on many occasions, the raptured ear and eye of Coleridge with the point and spirit of her poetic criticisms, and was found by Southey to be the cheerful, well-informed companion of many a country walk and winter fireside. In 1836, she became, as Wordsworth himself has told us, "a confirmed invalid"; yet such was the natural strength of her constitution that she survived for eighteen years. Her fine memory she retained, we believe, to the last.

Though Dorothy Wordsworth was not gifted like her brother with what her brother calls "the accomplishment of verse," yet she had all the genius and faculty divine of a true poet, looking on nature with a poet's eye. How exquisitely earnest and truthful is her description of daffodils, as seen in Spring. "We saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing." What the sister saw and told in prose, Wordsworth saw through his sister's eyes and has told in verse:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude:
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Of this poem Wordsworth himself has told us that the two best lines in it are by his sister. These lines we have printed in italics. Surely there is now a chance of our seeing Miss Wordsworth's Diary entire. If she reported conversations as she described the face of nature, her Diary must be a treat. One of her sayings is well known—"When a child I could not have pulled a strawberry blossom." There is the sense of womanhood in this.

Since this was written we observe that the only sister of another poet has just been removed from among us, at an age only one year younger than Miss Wordsworth. On the 29th of last month, died, at Brighton, Miss Sarah Rogers, the only sister of the poet of "The Pleasures of Memory," who, happily, still survives among us. Miss Rogers had all her brother's taste for art and literature. Her house in Hanover Terrace was elegantly filled with choice examples of art from Giotto to Stothard, bought as much by her own good sense as by her brother's example and assistance. Some of her best pictures she is understood to have left to the National Gallery.

Mrs. Milner Gibson is honourably known to all literary men in London of any distinction. She loves their company, and is, by her conversational powers, fit to associate with the most intellectual and refined. What author is there, then, who does not wish her well, or who will not rejoice in any accession of fortune to one who uses what she has with equal sense and liberality? One of the choicest properties in Suffolk—Hardwick House, near Bury St. Edmunds—has just descended somewhat unexpectedly to her. It was her father's and she was an only child, and yet there was a chance—nay, more than a chance—of the property passing away from her to the second wife of her father. Few believed otherwise. But old Sir Thomas Cullum, whatever he may have hinted he would do, has done what he ought to have done, and that choice Elizabethan mansion, so sweetly situated on a rising knoll among woods, is now the property of Mrs. Milner Gibson, with the attendant advantages, so it is said, of twelve thousand a year.—*London Illustrated News.*

WILLIAM PAGE.

THE following extracts from a letter in the *London Art Journal*, written from Rome by the poet Browning, do justice to an American artist, whom his own country has hitherto neglected:

"At the risk of being thought guilty of exaggeration, I declare, after visiting the studio of Mr. Page, that he is undoubtedly the best portrait painter of modern times. I say this emphatically, and let those who doubt it go there and judge for themselves. He has studied the Venetian school of colouring; he has, so to say, *identified* himself with these painters, particularly Titian, so that he wants but the touch of age, that cracked, yellowish tinge old Time's mellowing hand alone can give, to render the imitation perfect. I am aware that the low tone of colour pervading his pictures is disapproved by some artists, who qualify it by the term 'blackness,' but this is unjust; his touch is always transparent and harmonious, and his system of colouring borne out by the greatest masters. Of his flesh tints it might be said as of the Venetian masters of old—prick it and it will bleed.

"Not least among his extraordinary and many perfections, is the treatment, the attitude of his subjects; he invariably selecting such poses as Titian or Paolo Veronese would have chosen. Yet this similarity is spontaneous, and wholly free from servile mannerism; but his brush and his eye are so modulated with the conceptions of the great masters he follows, that the resemblance comes naturally. I have visited the best studies of Rome, but in point of colour and treatment Mr. Page may challenge them all.

"I cannot describe the gratification I felt while looking at his works, for of all schools in the world, I prefer the Venetian. Mr. Page is still a young man, and looks, himself, like a Venetian painter. He has just finished a head of Miss Cushman, one of the most skillful likenesses of a plain woman I ever beheld; for he has toned and softened down her defects, and heightened the pleasing expression of her countenance, without in the least sacrificing the vitality of the resemblance. But the picture I especially noted, and which actually caused me a thrill of delight, as my eyes rested on it, is a portrait of Mrs. Crawford, wife of the celebrated American sculptor. Talk of Michael Angelo burying his Bacchus, after he had broken the arm, to deceive the ignorant, and 'make believe very much' it was an antique; why, this picture, after a few years' mellowing, would do more, and actually make one believe we had all gone back some hundred years, and that Paolo Veronese or Titian were alive and at work.

"He has been particularly happy in the subject, which is an extremely handsome woman; largely possessing the rich, ripe, Venetian type of beauty. The figure is partly turned away—the face looking round at the spectators, over the shoulder, giving charming lines in the fine, full neck and shoulders. The hair is simply braided,

'Yet locks upon the open brow,
Madonna-wise, divided there.'

"The whole execution of the head is a model of colour. The languid, sleepy eyes turned toward one with just that dreamy, indolent expression Titian gives to his Venuses. The background is very singular; diamonded tapestry, in a stiff tasselated pattern, absolutely Byzantine in its severe rigidity. Such a background is a triumphant test of the artist's power, for the truth of the drawing is undeniably proved by the fact that it admits of detached objects in the immediate vicinity of the figure being accurately made out without deteriorating or confusing the principal object. This was the case with Holbein and all the severe Dutch masters.

"I could not but institute a passing comparison between the peculiar and almost symmetrical accuracy of this treatment with the practice of modern painters, such as Reynolds, Lawrence, Hoppner, and Romney, who all, more or less, indulged in the *dash* style. Classic as they often were, they dared not introduce any severity in their backgrounds. Failing, as they often did, in close imitation and truth in the principal objects, they rather chose a general vacuity, often, indeed, an almost chaotic mystery, as necessary to give importance to the subject. In Lawrence, especially, there is evidence of artistic *trick*. Masses of shadow and half tint constantly occur, rolled up, so to say, in gleams and electric touches of light, placed in juxtaposition with the principal mass of dark. In the treatment of Page, as in Titian, and all the masters of that elevated school, there is both simplicity and breadth, dignity and earnestness, in the execution."

MUSIC IN METAL.

SOME people like the sound of bells; some the clang of cymbals; some the clank of a smith's hammer on the anvil; while others find no metallic music so pleasing as the ring of gold and silver coins on the counter. Every silver-smith knows that a piece of bent sheet silver heated will hum and sing when placed on a block of cold iron, which is a different sort of music to that produced by percussion, and thus it might appear that the subject of music in metal is speedily exhausted. But in this last-mentioned fact a property is involved of a very remarkable nature—namely, that metals under certain circumstances, produce their own music, and sing in such a style as to surprise the listener.

The thing was discovered in a curious way by Mr. Schwartz, an inspector of the smelting works in Saxony. He had melted some silver in a ladle, and, being impatient for it to cool, turned out the hemispherical mass, as soon as solidified, on a cold iron anvil, when, to his astonishment, musical tones came from it similar, as he described them, to those of an organ. The strange occurrence got talked about, and a learned German professor having heard of it, visited the smelting works, and had the experiment repeated in his presence. He, too, heard the sounds, but he did not think them equal to those of an organ, and noticed that they were accompanied by vibrations in the lump of silver, and when these ceased, the sounds ceased also. It was a curious fact, and there the matter rested.

Twenty-five years later, the same phenomenon was discovered, but in a different way, near the foot of the Cheviots, by Mr. Arthur Trevelyan, who, to quote an account of the incident, "was engaged in spreading pitch with a hot plastering-iron, and observing in one instance that the iron was too hot, laid it slantingly against a block of lead which happened to be at hand. Shortly afterwards he heard a shrill note, resembling that produced on the chanter of the smaller Northumberland pipes—an instrument played by his father's gamekeeper. Not knowing the cause of the sound, he thought that this person might be practising out of doors; but on going out the sound ceased to be heard, while on his return he heard it as shrill as before. His attention was then attracted to the hot iron, which he found to be in a state of vibration, and thus discovered the origin of this strange music."

Here was something to set an ingenious mind at work; and as nothing happens without a cause, except the breaking of domestic crockery, Mr. Trevelyan, having asked the advice of Dr. Reid of Edinburgh, set himself to discover the cause of the music. He made a number of careful experiments, during which he ascertained that a "rocker," as he called it, brought out the loudest and clearest notes, and he described his proceedings so well, that they were published in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The rocker here mentioned is an instrument bearing some resemblance to the bevelled soldering-iron used by tinmen. Imagine a piece of brass, four inches long, somewhat similar in shape to the outer half of a broad old-fashioned sash-bar, with a thin groove passing from end to end of its narrowest edge, and with a slim straight handle of the same metal terminating in a knob, and you have the rocker. The mode of using it will be presently explained.

Professor Faraday next took up the subject, and made it the theme of a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution, embodying an explanation of the phenomenon—lucid and apprehensible, as his explanations always are. He confirmed Mr. Trevelyan's view as to the tones being due to an alternate expansion and contraction caused by the heat. This it is that sets the rocker vibrating; and according to the rapidity or slowness of the vibrations, such is the pitch of the tone. The particular way in which the expansion takes place is, that the groove in the edge of the rocker makes it a double edge, and whenever the heated rocker is placed resting on a mass of lead, a couple of little prominences or hills rise up immediately under the points of contact, being the natural effect of expansion caused by heat. At the same moment the rocker begins to vibrate, and no sooner is one side raised than the hill on that side suddenly sinks, owing to the rapid absorption of its heat by the surrounding mass of lead. The consequence is that the rocker descends through a greater distance than it rose, whereby, the other edge being raised, the same effect is produced on the opposite side; and thus the vibrations continue as long as there is a sufficient difference of temperature between the two metals. The movement as here described affords an instance of a curious maintaining power; for "the force which really lifts the rocker is on one side of the centre of gravity, while the rising side of the rocker itself is on the other"; and the point "under process of heating is always moving towards the other, which is under process of cooling."

Although, as yet, there does not appear to be any way of turning these experiments to a practical use, they are of much importance in a scientific point of view, as shown by the researches of Dr. Tyndall, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution. He has repeated the experiments, and extended them to other substances besides metals, finding in all of them a confirmation of Mr. Faraday's views, and proving, what has been denied—that a tone can be produced by two metals of the same kind in contact; for instance, silver on silver, or copper on copper. In this case, however, the silver or copper rocker is made to rest on a very thin slip of the same metal held in a vice. Agates, and some other gems, rock-crystal, fluor-spar, fossil-wood, glass and earthenware, will also give out tones to a heated rocker—the only condition of success appearing to be a clean even edge in the substance under experiment. Among this class of substances, rock-salt exhibits extraordinary effects. Desirous of trying this mineral, Dr. Tyndall, whose remarks we have quoted above, placed a partially cooled rocker on a mass of it, when, as he writes, "to my astonishment a deep musical sound commenced immediately; the temperature of the rocker being at the time far below that of boiling water, and when the singing ended, was scarcely above blood heat." In this case, the want of an edge appears to be of no importance, for when "the heated rocker was laid on a large boulder-shaped mass of the salt it commenced to sing immediately. I scarcely know a substance," adds Dr. Tyndall, "metallic or non-metallic, with which vibrations can be obtained with greater ease and certainty than with this mineral."

Now, here is something to furnish occupation for evening hours during the coming winter, the experiments being such as may be tried by the fireside, and even in the drawing-room a commencement may be made in a rough way by heating a poker, and placing it with the knob resting on a table, and the heated end on a block of cold lead. The singing will at once be heard. Rockers of various kinds may be introduced, made as above described, and placed so as to rest horizontally during the experiment. With a handvice, such as will fasten to the edge of a table, after the manner of a lady's pincushion, the thinnest slips of metal may be securely held while testing their quality. The effect, too, may be tried of pressing slightly with a knitting-needle on the back of the rocker immediately above the groove; it will be found that a whole octave of tones may be produced by varying the pressure; the lowest with least pressure, and shrillest with the highest.

Perhaps, after all, there may be more in the music of the spheres than a dream of poets or philosophers. We have all heard how that the statue of Memnon used to sing in the morning sunbeams, and who shall say that out of the experiments we have suggested may not come a musical instrument on which heat shall be the only performer! Wind will then have a rival.—*Chambers' Journal.*

For The Standard.

COMMEMORATIVE.

IT is thy birth-day, Mother! here, alone,
I note it in my solitude! How changed
Of every spirit-attribute the tone—
Of all my innermost being the low moan—
Since thou the other side the glass hast ranged!

Only the upper side the crystal pane,
Though to us darkened in this nether state;
But how transparent now to thee! the stain,
The misty, clouded surface we in vain
Would penetrate, constrains us here to wait.

But soon, ay, soon, we too shall pass,
And see all that thou seest now, and art!
Ay, through the dimness of this earth-smoked glass,
Sweet Faith now sees, better than all that was,
Thy union perfected with one great heart,

One waiting spirit, wanting there its mate,
For higher flight in an empyrean sky;
Oh! how this vision doth the soul dilate!
Even in depths of sorrow 'tis elate,
And raised to the communion, tho' so high!

Milney, August 7, 1854. A. P. C.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

When Walpole, in allusion to the sameness of the system of politics continued in the reign of George the Third, observed, "But there is nothing new under the sun," "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the *grandson*."

——DR. PALEY.—Dr. Paley was in very high spirits when he was presented to his first preferment in the church. He attended at a visitation dinner just after this event, and, during the entertainment, called out jocosely—"Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair, and open another behind some *curate*."

——Sir William Molesworth, when in Edinburgh lately, instructed the *savans* by his pronunciation of Sebastopol. He laid the accent on the penultimate syllable, calling it Sevastopol. The Russian letter "*b*," the third letter in the alphabet, is pronounced *vay*. The correct pronunciation is Sevaystopol.

——Mrs. Bishop, who left this country some years ago for America, with Bochsa, the harpist, is performing at the Theatre San Francisco, and has appeared in the musical trifle called "The Black Swan," in which Madame descended to the blackening of her face, in order to play the dark heroine.—*Court Journal.*

——EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.—By a strange coincidence which will not again occur for a long time, the new year commenced on the same day as in 1849, and consequently all through the year the date will be on the same day. But what is more singular is that all the moveable holidays from Septuagesima to Advent fall on the same dates and the same days. The almanacks of 1849 might therefore serve for the present year.

——THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE AT THE ANTIPODES.—A Cambridge man, writing to the *Cambridge Independent* from Melbourn, says: "Twisden Hodges, who was M.P., for Rye two or three parliaments, is keeping a public-house here; a nephew of Dr. Whewel, master of Trinity College, was walking the streets last week without a shoe on his foot, or a shiling in his pocket; and I can enumerate many instances of the kind. Gentlemen having left the university come to Melbourne to make a fortune, and in a few weeks are found on a heap of stones, studying stone-cracking."

——An amusing—and absurd—anecdote of Mr. Macaulay is making a tour of the country papers. According to an unknown story-teller, Mr. Macaulay, being desirous of obtaining information respecting eighteenth-century poetry, as material for his new volumes, took his way from Albany to Whitechapel, and bought a roll of London ballads of a singing boy. Happening to turn round, as he reached his home, he perceived the boy with a circle of young friends, keeping close at his heels. Have I not given you your price, Sir?" asked the historian. "All right, guv'ner," was the response, "we're only waiting till you begin to sing."

——The *Gazette de Lyon* states that when news arrived by the famous Tartar of the fall of Sebastopol, orders were instantly sent to Lyons by firms of Paris, to manufacture at once a large quantity of pocket-handkerchiefs, giving a "View of the Capture of Sebastopol." Although the looms were worked night and day, the handkerchiefs could not be completed before the news turned out false. Since then they have remained on hand! Now, however, says the *Gazette*, the travellers of the firms are proposing the pocket-handkerchiefs for sale to provincial dealers, in order that they may be able to offer them to their customers the moment the news of the capture of the town shall have arrived.

—— The London *Morning Advertiser* says: "Jenny Lind has entered into an engagement to re-visit England, in her professional capacity. From religious scruples, she has determined never more to appear before the public under any circumstances which could be construed into giving her sanction to theatrical or operatical performances. She has further resolved, that all her future exhibitions before the public, shall partake, more or less, of the character of Sacred Music; and, with this view, she has, we are informed, stipulated, that she shall sing only in Exeter Hall. She is expected here some time in the month of April. Our readers are aware that Jenny Lind is now the mother of two children."

——THE MERRY MONARCH AND LE GRAND MONARQUE.—Charles II. of England was the inventor of the "vest dress." It consisted of a long cassock which fitted close to the body, of black cloth, "pinked" with white silk under it, and a coat over all; the legs were ruffled with black riband, like a pigeon's leg; and the white silk piercing the black made the wearers look, as Charles himself confessed, very much like magpies. But all the world put it on, because it had been fashioned by a monarch; and gay men thought it exquisite, and grave men pronounced it "comely and manly." Charles declared he would never alter it; while his courtiers "gave him gold by way of wagers that he would not persist in his resolution." Louis XIV. showed his contempt for the new mode and maker of it by ordering all his footmen to be put into vests. This caused great indignation in England; but it had a marked effect in another way, for Charles and our aristocracy, not caring to look like French footmen, soon abandoned the new costume.—*Doran's Habits and Men.*

——The following is from a letter written by Charles Dickens and published in the *Literary Life of the Countess of Blessington*:

"Pray say to Count D'Orsay everything that is cordial and loving from me. The travelling purse he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail as a trophy, and of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy? Five hundred francs were laid low on that day, for post-horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount—and got it. This end, worn into teeth like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the Custom-Houses, boy, the passports, and the shabby soldiers at town-gates, who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the coach windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give!'"

——SUBSTITUTE FOR ASPARAGUS.—Mr. J. Ranchly Tanton, in speaking before an audience at Croydon upon the farinacea of the vegetable kingdom, thus alludes to a British plant called Sea Holly. He says: "Among the most useful farinaceous plants known in the vegetable kingdom, is one whose valuable properties appear but little known. The plant in question is the Sea Holly (*Eryngium maritimum*), a native of our isle. The plant, when fully developed, measures 1 1-2 to 2 feet high, bearing in July a conspicuous blue flower. Its roots are oblong, of a trailing habit, are sweet and aromatic. They are candied, and sold in the shops of Sweden under the name of Eringo roots: but the chief feature possessed by this plant, and to which I wish to call especial attention, is that of its young shoots, which, if gathered in their early growth, when about 8 or 9 inches long, and cooked in the ordinary way, are superior in taste to, and possess greater nutritious qualities than asparagus. I therefore think market gardeners may derive some profit by growing this plant for the purpose of forming boundaries, when its young shoots may be gathered and marketed for the purpose assigned."

——WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE.—At the time that White's chocolate-house was opened, at the bottom of St. James's street—the close of the last century—it was probably thought vulgar; for there was a garden attached, and it had a suburban air. At the tables in the house or garden more than one highwayman took his chocolate, or threw his main, before he quietly mounted his horse and rode slowly down Piccadilly towards Bagshot. Before the establishment was burned down, in 1733, it was famous rather for intensity of gaming than excellence of chocolate. It arose from its ashes, and settled, at the top of the street, into a fixedness of fashion that has never swerved. Gallantry, pleasure and entertainment were the characteristics of the place. The celebrated Lord Chesterfield there "gamed, and pronounced witticisms among the boys of quality." Steele dated all his love-news in the "Tatler" from White's. It was stigmatized as "the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies"; and bets were laid to the effect that Sir William Burdett, one of its members, would be the first baronet who would be hanged. The gambling went on till dawn of day; and Pelham, when prime minister, was not ashamed to divide his time between his official table and the piquet-table at White's. Selwyn, like Chesterfield, enlivened the room with his wit. As a sample of the spirit of betting which prevailed, Walpole quotes "a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and, when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet!"—*Table Traits, with Something on Them.*

——SOMETHING NEW FOR EXETER HALL.—The Rev. J. H. Gurney has supplied the exact words, in reference to Miss Nightingale